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The Week-end Review

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France, Tunis & Nato

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Krushchev's International

THE Russian birthday party is over. The men who run the Communist parties all over the world have settled down to serious business in private session. Why has Mr Krushchev called them together? Though the gathering of the last two weeks recalls the earlier meetings of the Comintern before Stalin converted it into a post-office, it is improbable that they are fashioning a new International or that they intend to revive the Cominform. Such devices are not needed to maintain the links between Moscow and other Communist parties—which, in any case, have always been much more devious and secret. And they might well antagonise neutralists and nationalists, who can better be geared to Communist purposes by the propaganda appeals based on the Bandung Conference or trade agreements.

Mr Krushchev's objective is likely to be less ambitious and more practical. He has spent four years establishing his supremacy in the USSR—a process he completed only on the eve of the anniversary celebrations. Now he wishes to repeat this success on the international plane. And just as he depended, within Russia, upon the re-establishment of a 'Leninist' party as an instrument of power, so he now seeks to bring all the foreign Communist parties back into the 'Leninist' fold.

He has judged his moment well. Since Stalin's death, the Communist movement abroad has been shaken by successive crises. The pilgrimage of the Soviet leaders to Belgrade was the first: it was followed by the revelations at the 20th Congress, by the Polish upheaval and the Hungarian revolution. Each of these cost local Communist parties dear. They lost members; some of them lost leaders; all of them lost internal unity and public influence. There were periods in which they also seemed to have lost their lines of communication to Moscow. In Stalin's day, every old Comintern hand was familiar with the jungle of intrigue in the Kremlin, and the price of survival was the ability to line up with the faction that had Stalin's ear. With Stalin dead, the factions within each Communist party fought out, at a lower level, the struggle between their patrons in Moscow. And, to add to the confusion, such important second-line leaders as Tito, Gomulka, Nagy and Togliatti were peddling 'national' variations of Leninism.

The Communist movement seems to have survived this crisis. For this Mr Krushchev can take a good deal of credit. He has shuttled about the Communist world, 'fixing' doubters with all the skill of an American politician looking for votes. He has persuaded parties as different in temper and outlook as the Poles, Yugoslavs, Czechs, French and East Germans to come together again in the name of 'proletarian internationalism'. Great differences of emphasis, of course, remain; Poland and Czechoslovakia differ as much from each other as Yugoslavia differs from both of them. And Tito's representatives in Moscow seem to be sticking out for their terms. But Mr Krushchev is not a man to be pernickety about detail if he can thereby get the satellite parties back into communion with Moscow.

In this aim he has been helped, first by the new prestige and power the Soviet Union has won by its scientific progress, and secondly by his own victory within Russia. Of these, the second may be the more important reason. Once it became clear that he was going to win—and this has been clear only within the last few months—the party apparatus all over the world began to tune into Mr Krushchev's wavelength. For the past two years, the Poles and the Yugoslavs have insisted that they could do nothing which might weaken Mr Krushchev in his struggle with the Stalinist old-guard, and there is little doubt that they have had some private understanding with him. More recently he has been picking up allies in East Germany, Rumania and Czechoslovakia—deserters from the old-guard faction who have climbed on the bandwagon in time. The Moscow meeting, therefore, is primarily intended to register Mr Krushchev's emergence as top man in the Communist world—or at least in its Russian and European departments, for he appears to be running in tandem with the Chinese leadership. To what use he will now put this power is still uncertain. But his first aim has been secured: he has brought some kind of stability and coherence out of the crisis that Stalin's death precipitated.

Comments on the Week's News

Releasing the Brake?

The decision of the US Federal Reserve and of Canadian banks to ease the credit squeeze has promoted a rally on Wall Street. The signs of a recession in North America had become sufficiently plain even for conservative bankers to realise the need for cheaper money, especially as the decline has been most marked in investment. It has been estimated that spending on capital goods in the US will fall by at least 7 per cent. in the coming year, and that the drop in Canada is likely to be even greater unless there is substantial public spending on roads, schools and other forms of social investment. The Federal Reserve, it seems, has now decided that the inflation has been checked, and that something should be done to restore business confidence if deflation is not to run away into recession. It has, however, only made a first cautious step towards cheap money: the present cut in the discount rate is no more than would normally be required as a result of the falling market rate for bills, which is itself an indicator of economic stagnation. If the trend is to be halted, and then reversed, rather more drastic action may be required. The present 'shot-in-the-arm' is unlikely to be adequate to restart the boom, at least before the traditional up-swing at the end of the winter. There is, moreover, a possibility that the fall in US output and incomes will reach bottom sometime in February or March, at a moment when the restrictive policies pursued by Mr Thorneycroft and his colleagues in Europe will be making themselves felt, and when the fall in commodity prices will be reducing export markets for European products. If this happens, then even an early recovery in the US will not prevent a quite serious economic upset in Europe.

The Wage Freeze

The ban on overtime by the administrative staff of hospitals duly began on Monday. As the unions concerned in imposing the ban have explicitly laid down that it is not to be applied to the prejudice of the patients, there are bound to be many initial uncertainties about its application. But the fact that the ban is taking place at all shows the degree of resentment against the Health Minister. On Monday the Treasury carried matters a stage further and involved itself in new disputes by announcing that, although it intended t. implement arbitration awards actually made in favour of various classes of civil servants, the cost of such advances would have to be met by economies and contraction of work by the departments concerned. The most notable case is that of four thousand cartographic draughtsmen employed on the Ordnance Survey, who have recently been awarded an advance averaging about £2 a week. To meet this cost by cutting staff would obviously mean a very heavy curtailment in the Survey's work, involving both dismissals of temporary employees and premature retirement of older workers. Similar problems arise in the case of 3,500 scientific assistants, spread over a number of departments, who have een awarded advances which average £20 per num, and in that of 125,000 industrial emyees in storage depots and airfields who have n awarded an advance of 6s. a week for men 5s. a week for women. Much larger issues arise if arbitrations now pending result in advances being conceded – for example, to the 70,000 Post Office engineering workers whose claims are now before the arbitration court.

Kashmir Among the Powers

Kashmir has long been a pawn in the game of power politics, which has not prevented it being discussed by the UN on a high moral plane. In 1953 Nehru and Mohammed Ali reached a sensible verbal agreement to hold a regional plebiscite which should act as a guide to partition; this was killed by the Pakistan cabinet, which did not support its premier's proposed compromise. Since then no one has talked about Sir Owen Dixon's unanswerable case for partition, and it would have been wise, in our view, for Mr Nehru to have stated quite frankly that his original promise of a plebiscite no longer held. He had the perfectly valid excuse that a plebiscite would be conducted by Pakistan on a purely communal basis and might well lead to Hindu-Moslem rioting all over India and the destruction of the secular state in which, as he rightly boasted, minorities can live at peace. Moreover, Seato and the Baghdad Pact have ruled out from the Indian mind compromises which seemed possible four years ago. Mr Krishna Menon has this week made a most unhappy job of presenting India's case in the Security Council, but his attack on the British for once again raising the issue of a plebiscite certainly represents the general feeling in India. Sensible Indians are, of course, theoretically willing to agree that the mountain areas of Kashmir are part of Pakistan, just as Jammu is part of India. Some might still be willing to make a compromise about the Valley. But such rational solutions are no longer in their minds. They know that four of the permanent members of the Security Council support Pakistan for political reasons; while Iraq, the Philippines, Columbia and Cuba are politically in Washington's pocket. So the resolutions must be carried against India. It looks then as if India will therefore be forced to rely on the Soviet veto – a result which displeases responsible Indians, lessens the goodwill between Britain and India, and is highly satisfactory to Mr Krushchev.

A Plan for Cotton

It is Mr Harold Wilson who, after all, has been the first to put teeth into the Labour Party's policy document, *Industry and Society*. While Mr Gaitskell was asking the Brighton conference to reject any 'list of priorities' for the state buying of shares in private industry, Mr Wilson was busy completing his plan for cotton, in which, on behalf of the United Textile Factory Workers' Federation, he has staked out just such a priority claim. He wants the state to consider buying the controlling interest in 'at least the two principal firms' in the textile machinery industry, as well as in some of the largest units in spinning and finishing. The whole plan, indeed, puts teeth into the various proposals for rationalising the cotton industry which have been toyed with ever since Sir Stafford Cripps set up the Cotton Working Party in 1945. Mr Wilson's proposed Cotton Industry Reorganisation Commission, for instance, though modelled on the Cotton Board, would have far-reaching new powers to encourage efficiency. It would be able to lease buildings and machinery paid for by the state, to place contracts with private firms, to try out new techniques, to start government pilot-factories where private industry fails, to compel amalgamations where necessary. Mr Wilson revives old proposals for streamlining sales organisation and for encouraging cotton growing in the Commonwealth through bulk purchasing. To this end he would restore the Raw Cotton Commission which the Tories dissolved. The Labour Party, Mr Wilson makes clear, has not yet considered or approved his plan. Nevertheless, this is surely the industry in which to start implementing 'new thought'.

A Warning From Malta

The blatant threat issued by Dr Borge Olivier, leader of the opposition Nationalist Party in Malta, should act as a warning to the British government of the serious situation in that island. Dr Olivier's statement declaring that the Nationalist Party can never hope for justice from the British government went on: 'It must perforce, in the quest for the realisation of its political ideals, turn its thoughts to others to whom colonialism, of which integration is the basest form, is anathema'. Here is a plain warning of the rising tide of nervousness within the Maltese community. It is, of course, closely connected with the uncertainty of the economic future of the whole Maltese people so particularly dependent on the fate of the dockyard. Dr Olivier's threats may not themselves frighten the British government, but they should at least convince Mr Macmillan and Mr Lennox-Boyd that Mr Mintoff is now the chief moderating force among his people.

Crime by Numbers

A question in the House of Commons on Monday gave Mr J. E. S. Simon an opportunity to say that 'statements that there had been a great increase in child murders since the Homicide Act are simply not true'. Up to 30 September the total was 32, as against 34 for the same period in the year before – 'when the total number of murders was low'. *The Criminal Statistics, England and Wales, 1956*, published last week by the Home Office, give the total number of murders for 1956 as 144, including the 'multiple' murders, but not the few cases in which the victims were less than twelve months old. This is slightly above the average, the nearest to it in recent years being 138 in 1948. The constancy of many totals in this Blue Book ought to discourage those who search them for the means to sustain a public outcry about something. In 1955, for example, 2,632 men tried to commit suicide and failed. The following year the total was three less – 2,629. Consider the number of adults found guilty, by juries, of all kinds of 'indictable' offences in the last three years: 12,785, 12,234, 12,945. Murder convictions were up by seven per cent. on last year? Yes, but the actual figure was 32 as against 30. In view of Mr R. A. Butler's recent observations about 'sentencing policy' in the courts, this year's figures are valuable in the light they throw on the attitude of the Bench to breaking and entering, violence and sex offences. In all these cases, the very short sentence is now falling into disuse, and probation is gradually winning more favour.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

After Bevan

Somehow Aneurin Bevan has managed to spend more than two weeks in this country, making speeches, giving press interviews, and appearing on television, without attracting more general notice than a visiting lady novelist. Mr Bevan has not been reticent, and he probably could not be colourless if he tried, but for a man who may be our chief ally's foreign minister in the not distant future, he received notably little attention in the press. Usually his remarks drew no more than a stick or two in the New York dailies and almost always on an inside page under one-column heads like 'Bevan Here, Urges Talks with Soviet', or 'Bevan Is Surprised by Sputnik Chagrin'.

For Anglo-American relations, this meagre publicity was probably all to the good. In some British Labour circles 'Bevanism' may be considered a hopelessly diluted drink by now, but it is heady stuff here and will take some getting used to. In the absence of excitement we were spared those half-expected editorials and columns warning against too close a relationship, especially in atomic matters, with a country whose foreign office might any day be turned over to a believer in arrant heresies. Perhaps the most significant aspect of the visit was that no such reaction occurred, although Mr Bevan's off (and on) the cuff remarks provided a good many openings for attack.

It is extremely hard to believe that a year ago, or even six months ago, we would have taken so calmly the prospect of a British foreign minister who favoured admitting Communist China to the UN, western acceptance of Krushchev's invitation to another conference 'at the summit', Russian participation in any Middle East settlement, unilateral suspension of hydrogen bomb testing, and the neutralisation of a united Germany. All this, Bevan urged politely and with wit. For good measure, he questioned our refusal to recognise China on the ground of its 'irregular' origin when our own nation was 'established somewhat irregularly', a sally that drew hardly more than a surprised murmur from an audience of industrialists. Krushchev was 'a simple sort of chap', he told this same group, and undoubtedly 'ruthless'. But, he added, in his only major affront to Foreign Office propriety, 'I shook hands with a number this evening that I think were pretty ruthless'. The businessmen didn't seem to mind. Maybe they just thought of him as England's Charlie Wilson.

Bevan spoke only under the most unimpeachable auspices—the Economic Club of New York, Harvard Law School, and the like. Trade unions and the various organisations of the left saw nothing of him, although he did manage to fit in a talk with Norman Thomas, with whom he found himself in substantial agreement. The response he drew from President Eisenhower in his fifty-minute session at the White House, he naturally kept to himself, but there was none of the happy-Ike grin on the President's face in the news photos recording the visit. Mr Eisenhower's speech later in the day, in which he compared Krushchev's threats to the West with those once made by Hitler, indicated no early conversion to Bevanism, old or new.

As for Secretary Dulles, he appeared to be more mystified than anything else by the visitor's view of world politics. According to the Washington *Post*'s correspondent, his 'reaction to Bevan was that British foreign policy under a Labour government would be difficult to fathom, if not worse'. While scrupulously polite about Mr Dulles, Bevan seemed to confirm the gap. When Howard K. Smith asked whether he had had a 'meeting of minds' with the Secretary, he replied, 'Yes, a meeting of minds, but it was a very short meeting'.

With all 531 members of Congress still solidly opposed even to recognising Red China, a Labour government would clearly find Washington a frozen field for planting Mr Bevan's policies. But, besides his mild and generally pleasant reception here, there are signs of a thaw. The Republican New York *Herald-Tribune* is presently engaged in an editorial campaign, fathered by industrialist Cyrus Eaton ('Let's Meet the Soviet Halfway' is the Eaton slogan) to accept a Russian invitation for a world conference of scientists on the dangers of thermonuclear war. And Senator Allen J. Ellender—a Louisiana Democrat, no less—is calling for 'a new approach' to Russia to 'see if we can't coexist for a while'—presumably with separate but equal facilities.

ROBERT BENDINER

Bonn

'Iron Curtain Sources'

A Correspondent writes: Last week, a man was sentenced in a West Berlin court to four years' hard labour for fraud and falsification of documents. Ordinarily, this case would need little more than local comment. But the far-reaching effects of these falsifications, and the glimpse which this case gave into the miry political underworld of Berlin, give it special significance. For out of this muddy slush comes much material for the 'first hand knowledge' about what is going on behind the iron curtain, and is too often the basis of a great deal of propaganda, if not of actual policy, far beyond the confines of Berlin.

Herr Heinz Stephan, the man involved in this particular case, made a comfortable existence through faking documents or fabricating information—more or less to order. He had crossed from East Germany to West Berlin in 1948, because he feared that membership of the former SS and Gestapo would lead to his arrest by the Soviet occupation authorities. Within five years, he was well established among 'those in the know' as a source of most secret information about what was going on in East Berlin. He claimed to have what were long regarded by his clients as the best sources—former SS associates who had become highups in the Communist SSD (State Security Service), and therefore well acquainted with everything which went on around President Pieck and Ulbricht. Did you want the contents of any original documents? Herr Stephan could supply them. Unfortunately, at the trial it was proved that the 'originals' had come not from East Berlin but from Stephan's typewriter. His information about his sources was also most unsatisfactory. At one time, he talked a great deal about a former SS acquaintance in Saxony. When the court experts pointed out that this man had died in April 1945, Stephan calmly replied that there was another man of the same name now living in Pankow (East Berlin). Stephan stated he had been an anti-Bolshevik since the days when he was in the *Freikorps*. When the judge pointed out that Stephan was then only eleven years of age, the latter answered he was then serving in the first-aid section.

One person who should have been rather embarrassed, had he been still alive to attend the trial, was Dr Otto Lenz, former *Staatssekretaer*. He played an important role in government press matters in Adenauer's first coalition government. Herr Stephan was the source of the report that two SPD Landtag deputies had received money from Communist sources. Dr. Lenz passed this information to Chancellor Adenauer who used it in his 1953 election campaign to suggest a connection between SPD and the Communist Party. The two persons accused, Herr Schroth and Herr Scharley, of Gelsenkirchen, took the matter to the courts. For months, Stephan promised to produce his star witness, 'Paule', who would give all the information about the 10,000 marks which each was alleged to have received from East Germany. But 'Paule' never appeared. Adenauer lost the case. The allegation, however, had suited his immediate election purposes.

Herr Stephan, according to the recent trial, was a specialist in producing 'evidence' about persons allegedly co-operating in a campaign for 'the Communist undermining' of the West. He had a list of 450 such persons living in West Berlin or West Germany. It included politicians, journalists and officials. Two significant features of the evidence given at this trial also deserve a mention. Herr Stephan worked closely with the head of an organisation known as the *Kampfgruppe gegen Unmenschlichkeit* (Combat Group against Inhumanity). Many persons on the black list criticised that organisation. This criticism was not due to pro-Communist tendencies, but to the fact that the organisation had often operated very irresponsibly with the result that many of its victims were now in Soviet Zone prisons. Herr Stephan was also strongly supported by Herr Fischer, former Senator for Internal Affairs in the West Berlin government. The relationship between these two men is still far from clear; but it should be better understood after the coming trial in which Herr Willi Brandt, the new Burgermeister of Berlin, is suing Herr Fischer for defamation.

Westminster

What Became of Harold

The decline of Harold Macmillan is perhaps the most interesting political phenomenon of 1957. When he became Prime Minister in the spring, even those who disagreed with him politically believed that he was something more than 'the best prime minister we have'. Behind that slightly comical foppishness, behind those eyes, wide open in continued amazement, there were a sharp intellect and a strong character which had shown themselves not only in 17 years of adventurous experiment on the back benches, but also in skilful administration during the war. Inside and outside his party, he was widely considered to be by some way the best prime minister that the present-day Conservatives could produce.

It is otherwise today. Opposition respect has vanished. According to the Gallup Poll, his personal popularity is even lower than Anthony Eden's at its lowest. Among his immediate colleagues in the government there are several angry faces and many shaking heads, especially after this week's sudden outburst of personal, ill-tempered rude-

ness to Hugh Gaitskell. 'Good gracious,' said a Conservative member, 'Harold's breaking up even quicker than Anthony did.' All this was inconceivable even as recently as last July. True, Macmillan was not then making any great impact on the nation, for he had not had much time. But in the House he was clearly enjoying his job. He was at ease with himself and at ease with his delighted supporters. What on earth has happened to Harold Macmillan?

There are some who now say that, after all, he has come too late in life to his high office, that the eager spirit and alert-mindedness which he showed in the Thirties and which today might reshape Conservative atttitudes and policies in a changing world are gone, that his capacities now fit him only to play out time. Certainly Macmillan has seemed to treat the work of parliament as an agreeable game, in which gentlemen fence with their opponents and with all issues. How delightedly he savoured Mr R. A. Butler's exhibition last week when at the close of the debate on the address he proved that (1) Labour policies had brought the country to the brink of ruin; that (2) as a result of Conservative policies we had never had it so good; that (3) in view of the crisis we now faced, we must adopt Conservative policies; and that (4) Conservative policies were just the same as Labour's. How much he has relished the ingenuity of Mr John Boyd-Carpenter who has managed simultaneously to pay higher pensions and to save the government money – since the old age pension increase will come out of the pockets of the contributors and the disablement pension increase will come out of the pockets of the old age pensioners. All this is fencing of high standard.

But within the last month, the Prime Minister has come face to face with problems in which the fencing art is not enough. One of these is defence with its twin difficulties of having adequate armed forces and of ending national service. The Prime Minister began by telling Mr Duncan Sandys that he must solve this problem in the Boyd-Carpenter way. He must attract volunteers by higher pay and better conditions, but neither of these must involve increased government spending. In other words, increased pay must be balanced by decreased service spending in other directions. Sandys, however, is a less pliable character than Boyd-Carpenter. He is saying that this just cannot be done; and when, in this impasse, the Prime Minister still fingers his foil, others besides Sandys make increasingly severe comments from the side of the mouth at such lack of decisiveness in their leader.

But it is not just moss, growing where once all was bright and clean, which accounts for Macmillan's decline. He inherited a party which was itself in a dilemma. The dominant section disliked the idea of the welfare state and in its heart wanted to destroy it; but so far it has dared only to whittle it away. The dominant section of the party feared the growing power of the trade unions and wanted to smash it; but, though willing to wound, it hesitated to lock-out. Now this dominant section, seeing the electoral pass to which timid compromise has brought them, is calling for full-blooded Toryism. Unhappily for it, its leader's past experience, as well as his present inclinations, make him reluctant to answer this call. Memories of unemployment in the north-east in the Thirties remain with him today. So do some traces of a belief in planning as a means to prevent the recurrence of such evil. So he is sensitive to the pleas of the milder section of the party, as typified by Mr Iain Macleod, which on the whole wants to work the welfare state and get along with the unions. But Macmillan is finding increasing difficulty in resolving this difficulty over bottles of port at White's, and both the empties and the discontent accumulate.

Despite it all, he might still retain his position if he were in himself a figure of symbolic magnificence to his party, if he were a bulldog like Churchill, a practical businessman like Chamberlain or a father-farmer like Baldwin. But the image that he projects is that of the Edwardian dilettante, a figure which is meaningless to such men as Mr Gerald Nabarro, Mr Cyril Osborne or Mr Reginald Maudling – all in their differing ways representative of the new Tory party which Lord Woolton built in the post-war years.

Because he has become conscious of this, Macmillan has tried to build a new image. Increasingly we hear of his grandfather, the poor crofter; and the more often we hear of him, the poorer he becomes. But just as we are ready to be convinced, we look up and, there, dancing over the quagmire like a will o' the wisp, is the quizzical after-dinner speaker who married the Duke's daughter. Because they can't find a father-figure who looks as if he could be their father, many Tories are now wondering if they had better not find themselves a Prime Minister.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Why the Strauss Case Matters

THE public is suspicious of parliamentary privilege – and understandably enough. Privilege has always been the target for malicious and ill informed propaganda seeking to suggest that its object is to give the MP some personal and private advantage over the ordinary law-abiding, tax-paying citizen. The truth is very nearly the opposite. Parliamentary privilege has sometimes been abused and often invoked unwisely; but it is essential if parliament is to work properly. It protects the elected MP from the pressures and compulsions of the executive and other interested parties who would like to silence him. Without it, the MP would go in fear of the Crown, the judges, and – be it added – the barons of Fleet Street. Without it, the machinery for redressing public grievance could quickly be put out of action.

Any newspaper, for example, may uncover a scandal which affects the public interest. Yet, even supposing it is not restrained by the private caprice of its proprietor, it may be unable to expose to a wider public the truth it has discovered. The law of libel is uniquely strict in Britain; and discovering the truth is not necessarily the same as being able to prove it with such precision as will exempt a newspaper, or indeed a private citizen, from the legal consequences of publishing a defamatory statement. The ability of the MP to champion the cause of those who are wronged by the executive depends on his being free to use the machinery of parliament without fear or favour. The fact that privilege enables him to do so far outweighs the disadvantages of its occasional abuses – which, in any case, are quickly dealt with by the House itself.

The report of the Committee of Privileges on the case of Mr Strauss and the London Electricity Board deals with – and partly disposes of – a very important issue of parliamentary rights. Those who have argued that no breach of privilege was involved in the threat of libel proceedings against Mr Strauss, based their case on two broad propositions: first, that the privilege relating to the 'proceedings of parliament' could not be extended to cover the letters written by MPs to responsible ministers; secondly, that, even if this argument failed, the Parliamentary Privilege Act of 1770 removed the *institution* of legal proceedings against an MP from the field of privilege – leaving the member to enter an appearance to a writ and claim his privilege (literally his protection under the Bill of Rights) before the court. Of these two propositions, the first is by far the more important, and it was turned down by the decisive majority of eight to one: such letters are part of the proceedings of parliament and are thus covered by privilege.

Any other decision would have had the deplorable consequence of deterring MPs, by threat of libel, from probing, in correspondence with the responsible ministers, the operations of the nationalised industries or government departments. The alternative course of pursuing every point by parliamentary question would have been impracticable within the time available, and would also have involved naming publicly any official against whom there was a reasonable (but perhaps unjust) suspicion of incompetence or malpractice. In effect, the nationalised industries and the civil service would have been removed even further from public control than they are now; and Mr Strauss and the Committee are to be congratulated on refusing to submit to this bureaucrat's charter. The second point is more obscure and far less satisfactorily disposed of in the Committee's findings.

The majority of the Committee sensibly hold that, once the first point is established, it follows that the LEB, in threatening Mr Strauss, in fact committed a breach of privilege. But there was sufficient doubt about the validity of the argument involving the 1770 Act for a third recommendation to be recorded – the invitation to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to define the exact effect of this Act. It is very undesirable in principle for parliament to surrender the definition of its privilege to any outside body: nevertheless, the point at issue here is the degree to which it may have already limited its inherent privilege by statute – and the interpretation of statute is properly for the courts and not for parliament. In the event of the Judicial Committee's endorsing the view that the 1770 Act removes from privilege the institution of legal proceedings arising out of the 'proceedings of parliament', it would be entirely logical and proper for the Committee, in the light of its main conclusion, to recommend new legislation to put the matter right. There is no good reason why an MP, as a result of his legitimate parliamentary duty, should have to submit to the trouble and expense of entering an appearance in court before he can claim the privilege which is now clearly established as his right.

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books

including a special article on

BLAKE THE RADICAL

by J. BRONOWSKI

Make sure of your copy

VICKY'S 'INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN'

'When you become a prime minister, however unexpectedly, everything becomes a bit larger than life.'—Harold Macmillan. 22 October 1957.

Is Paris Worth a Bourguiba?

THE main reason why the Tunisian arms deal has blown up into a major crisis is that none of the interested parties has dared to tell the truth – or rather, the whole truth. First, why did Bourguiba want the arms? The Tunisian government has insisted that the real issue is Tunisian sovereignty: by exercising its right to purchase arms in the international market, it destroys France's implicit claim that Tunisia is in some sense a *parc national français*. No doubt this was one of the factors which led Tunis to welcome the Anglo-American deliveries; but not the principal one. For Tunisia did not object to France's insistence on being the sole supplier so long as French arms continued to arrive; she appealed elsewhere – first to Belgium and Italy, later to Britain and America – only after France's unilateral cancellation of the Franco-Tunisian arms agreement this spring.

Indeed all the evidence indicates that Tunisia's search for arms is prompted by purely practical considerations. The Tunisian security forces consist of 2,000 regular troops, equipped with French light weapons, and 5,000 National Guards, most of whom do not possess even rifles. In the last six months, these forces have proved incapable of maintaining order throughout the country. There are now 200,000 Algerian refugees in Tunisia, mainly in the centre and south. There are also some 10,000 regular troops of the Algerian Liberation Army, armed with light weapons. Although M. Soustelle's statement last week-end, that Algerian forces now occupy one-third of Tunisia, is grossly exaggerated, there is no doubt that the Tunisian government no longer exercise effective authority in many southern areas, including several large towns. There are frequent reports of FLN troops breaking into food-shops, forcibly collecting taxes and even, on some occasions, kidnapping Tunisian police and officials.

If the Bourguiba regime is to survive, it must take action. It cannot appeal to the French, who still have large numbers of troops stationed in the north, without acquiescing in a virtual re-occupation. Therefore, it must increase its security forces: and the Anglo-American deliveries are intended to equip two further battalions of National Guards. Thus, to draw an analogy between these shipments, and the vast quantities of modern heavy equipment supplied by both East and West to Syria, Egypt, Jordan and Iraq, is most misleading. Indeed, it is probable that the effect of these limited deliveries will be not merely to preserve the integrity of the Tunisian regime – in itself highly desirable for the West – but also to increase the chances of a negotiated settlement in Algeria. Though Bourguiba has never concealed where his sympathies in Algeria lie, he has also made it quite clear that he does not support the demands of the FLN for immediate independence, and that he believes both sides will have to make concessions in order to reach a settlement. But his position as a mediator has been steadily eroded in recent months by the spread of anarchy in his own country; and unless he is given the means to restore his authority, it is likely that this irreplaceable bridge between France and the Algerian nationalists will be swept away in a flood of extremism. For obvious reasons, Bourguiba has been unable to make a public statement of his motives in buying arms; but there is no doubt that his private representations to the British and American governments have been along these lines, and that they proved decisive in persuading both governments to ignore the French veto.

This brings us to the second question: why did the French government precipitate a crisis? According to M. Gaillard's statement last week, France refused to continue supplying Tunisia with arms because the guarantees as to their subsequent use were inadequate; and this, he added, was also the reason why she took strong objection to the Anglo-American shipments. But in fact, the guarantees given to the British and American governments were exactly the same as those received by France last year when she was still supplying Tunisia; and, as the French government recently admitted, no arms supplied under this agreement have ever been found in Algeria. The French government is certainly aware of the real situation in Tunisia, and, therefore, knows that Bourguiba has the best of reasons for refusing to hand over weapons to the FLN. Finally, as Mr Selwyn Lloyd stated unequivocally on Monday, there was no disagreement with France on the terms of the guarantees.

Why did Gaillard refuse to tell the truth? The explanation seems to lie in the murky recesses of French politics. The decision to cease supplying arms to Tunisia was taken not for hard military reasons but as a concession to French opinion and, in particular, to parliamentary opinion on the right. Similarly, France brought diplomatic pressure to bear on Belgium and Italy, who had drawn up an arms agreement with Tunisia, only after the news of the negotiations – of which the Quai d'Orsay had been kept fully informed – had been published in the French press. By the end of the summer, however, the position in Tunisia had become desperate, and when the Tunisian government asked Britain and America, on 30 September, to supply limited quantities of small-arms, the French government is widely believed in London to have given its private agreement to the transaction, on condition that the deliveries were made secretly.

Then, with the defeat of the Algerian *loi-cadre* and the collapse of the Bourgès-Maunoury government, a totally different situation arose. Its successor, formed only after exhausting negotiations, had no mandate for any policy in Algeria, other than repression. Moreover, it now included ministers from the MRP, Gaullists and the right, who had not been a party to the previous agreement. Britain and America, for their part, having made firm promises to Bourguiba (in exchange, it may be, for private guarantees that Tunisia would not accept subsequent Soviet offers of arms), and having obligingly waited for 36 days while a French government was formed, told the Quai d'Orsay ten days ago that they now intended to go ahead. When this communication was brought before the French cabinet, an immediate crisis arose. The arms *dossier* was re-opened, and the new ministers made it clear that they were not prepared to endorse any private promise made by M. Pineau. M. Gaillard, therefore, had no alternative but to repudiate the promise, and immediately after the cabinet meeting – at 2 a.m. – he summoned the British and American envoys and demanded cancellation of the shipments. The British and American governments then had a straight choice: Paris or Bourguiba. They chose Bourguiba.

M. Gaillard's dramatic *démarche*, the determination of some of his ministers to make capital out of the affair, and the Nato parliamentary meeting in Paris, ensured that it received the widest possible publicity. And, once the secret was out, the French government had no alternative but to harden its line. Indeed, violent criticism of Anglo-American policy now became not merely necessary to its survival but a positive political asset: Tuesday's confidence vote on the government's proposals to increase taxation by £86 million – to which the Right had been bitterly opposed – became a vote of no confidence in Britain and America, and was accordingly carried by a handsome majority. *La France seule* is always a powerful card for a French government to play.

Nor is this the only hidden motive behind its public actions. Many deputies, and some ministers, believe that the crisis can be turned to France's advantage. By representing the arms shipments both as a betrayal of a close ally, and as a breach of the Nato agreement, France, they maintain, has made it virtually impossible for either Britain or America to make any future gesture which could possibly be interpreted as a criticism of French policy in Algeria. In particular, American abstention, when Algeria is debated by the UN, is now regarded as unlikely. Some would go even further. Additional western arms shipments to Tunisia, they argue, are now out of the question; Bourguiba will, therefore, have to turn to the east; and once he accepts Communist arms, it will be a relatively easy matter to transform a 'colonialist war' in Algeria into yet another theatre of the cold war, as in Indo-China. This had been the object of some political circles in France all along.

Fortunately, there is little chance that this will happen – provided Britain and America keep their heads and stand up to French blackmail. In all likelihood the crisis will soon blow over. France is in no position to carry out her threats to leave Nato. Without American off-shore equipment, which France receives as a member of the organisation, her war effort in Algeria would collapse: the rebel areas are only contained by the use of some 200 helicopters supplied by America. Nor is this all. France's budgetary deficit, as M. Mendès-France warned last week, is now in the region of £1,000 million. It can be met in one of three ways: by ending the Algerian war – which now costs £700 million a year – by adopting a genuine war economy, or by raising foreign loans. The Assembly has already made it quite clear that it will not countenance either of the first two. So, beginning next week, M. Pflimlin has to set about raising £500 million abroad – over £400 million of which America has a veto. Harsh realities make it unlikely that the French will cause undue trouble at next month's Nato meeting.

Indeed, in so far as the crisis has dealt a blow to the new Macmillan-Eisenhower concept of a supranational politico-military agency, it should be welcomed. It is depressingly clear that the Anglo-American reaction to the launching of the sputniks has been merely to intensify the cold war by drawing up a plan which will invest Nato with wider powers to co-ordinate scientific and military effort, and which will impose further limitations on the political initiatives which member states can take. Schemes for the pooling of national sovereignty should be judged not by their intentions, which are invariably admirable, but by their probable consequences. If British participation in the European Common Market will tie the hands of a future Labour government in the economic sphere, and if the proposed structural changes in Nato will tie its hands in the international sphere, then both should be rejected. The incidental result of French intransigence combined with Labour's hesitation may give Europe another chance of preventing the conversion of every issue into a sector of the cold war.

Open Letter to Eisenhower and Krushchev

MOST POTENT SIRS,

I am addressing you as the respective heads of the two most powerful countries in the world. Those who direct the policies of these countries have a power for good or evil exceeding anything ever possessed before by any man or group of men. Public opinion in your respective countries has been focused upon the points in which your national interests are thought to diverge, but I am convinced that you, as far-seeing and intelligent men, must be aware that the matters in which the interests of Russia and America coincide are much more important than the matters in which they are thought to diverge. I believe that if you two eminent men were jointly to proclaim this fact and to bend the policies of your great countries to agreement with such proclamation, there would be throughout the world, and not least in your own countries, a shout of joyful agreement which would raise you both to a pinnacle of fame surpassing anything achieved by other statesmen of the past or present. Although you are, of course, both well aware of the points in which the interests of Russia and America are identical, I will, for the sake of explicitness, enumerate some of them.

(1) The supreme concern of men of all ways of thought at the present time must be to ensure the continued existence of the human race. This is already in jeopardy from the hostility between East and West and will, if many minor nations acquire nuclear weapons, be in very much greater jeopardy within a few years from the possibility of irresponsible action by thoughtless fanatics.

Some ignorant militarists, both in the east and in the west, have apparently thought that the danger could be averted by a world war giving victory to their own side. The progress of science and technology has made this an idle dream. A world war would not result in the victory of either side, but in the extermination of both. Neither side can desire such a cataclysm.

The hope of world dominion, either military or ideological, is one which has hovered before many men in the past and has led invariably to disaster. Philip II of Spain made the attempt and reduced his country to the status of a minor power. Louis XIV of France made the attempt and, by exhausting his country, led the way to the French Revolution, which he would have profoundly deplored. Hitler, in our own day, fought for the world-wide supremacy of the Nazi philosophy, and perished miserably. Two great men propounded ideologies which have not yet run their course: I mean the authors of the Declaration of Independence and the Communist Manifesto. There is no reason to expect that either of these ideologies will be more successful in conquering the world than their predecessors, Buddhist, Christian, Moslem, or Nazi. What is new in the present situation is not the impossibility of success, but the magnitude of the disaster which must result from the attempt. We must, therefore, hope that each side will abandon the futile strife and agree to allow to each a sphere proportionate to its present power.

(2) The international anarchy which will inevitably result from the unrestricted diffusion of nuclear weapons is not to the interest of either Russia or America. There was a time when only America had nuclear weapons. This was followed by a time when only Russia and America had such weapons. And now only Russia, America and Britain possess them. It is obvious that, unless steps are taken, France and Germany will shortly manufacture these weapons. It is not likely that China will lag far behind. We must expect that during the next few years the manufacture of engines of mass destruction will become cheaper and easier. No doubt Egypt and Israel will then be able to follow the example set by the great powers. So will the states of South America. There is no end to this process until every sovereign state is in a position to say to the whole world: 'You must yield to my demands or you shall die'. If all sovereign states were governed by rulers possessed of even the rudiments of sanity, they would be restrained from such blackmail by the fear that their citizens also would perish. But experience shows that from time to time power in this or that country falls into the hands of rulers who are not sane. Can anyone doubt that Hitler, if he had been able to do so, would have chosen to involve all mankind in his own ruin? For such reasons, it is imperative to put a stop to the diffusion of nuclear weapons. This can easily be done by agreement between Russia and America, since they can jointly refuse military or economic assistance to any country other than themselves which persists in the manufacture of such weapons. But it cannot be achieved without agreement between the two dominant powers, for, without such agreement, each new force of nuclear weapons will be welcomed by one side or the other as an increase to its own strength. This helter-skelter race towards ruin must be stopped if anything that anybody could desire is to be effected.

(3) So long as the fear of world war dominates policy and the only deterrent is the threat of universal death, so long there can be no limit to the diversion of expenditure of funds and human energy into channels of destruction. It is clear that both Russia and America could save nine-tenths of their present expenditure if they concluded an alliance and devoted themselves jointly to the preservation of peace throughout the world. If they do not find means of lessening their present hostility, reciprocal fear will drive them further and further, until, apart from immense armaments, nothing beyond a bare subsistence will be left to the populations of either country. In order to promote efficiency in the preparation of death, education will have to be distorted and stunted. Everything in human achievement that is not inspired by hatred and fear will be squeezed out of the curriculum in schools and universities. Any attempt to preserve the vision of Man as the triumph (so far) of the long ages of evolution, will come to be viewed as treachery, since it will be thought not to minister to the victory of this group or that. Such a prospect is death to the hopes of all who share the aspirations which have inspired human progress since the dawn of history.

(d) I cannot but think that you would both rejoice if a way could be found to disperse the pall of fear which at present dims the hopes of mankind. Never before, since our remote ancestors descended from the trees, has there been valid reason for such fear. Never before has such a sense of futility blighted the visions of youth. Never before has there been reason to feel that the human race was travelling along a road ending only in a bottomless precipice. Individual death we must all face, but collective death has never, hitherto, been a grim possibility.

And all this fear, all this despair, all this waste is utterly unnecessary. One thing only is required to dispel the darkness and enable the world to live again in a noon-day brightness of hope. The one thing necessary is that East and West should recognise their respective rights, admit that each must learn to live with the other and substitute argument for force in the attempt to spread their respective ideologies. It is not necessary that either side should abandon belief in its own creed. It is only necessary that it should abandon the attempt to spread its own creed by force of arms.

I suggest, Sirs, that you should meet in a frank discussion of the conditions of co-existence, endeavouring no longer to secure this or that more or less surreptitious advantage for your own side, but seeking rather for such agreements and such adjustments in the world as will diminish future occasions of strife. I believe that if you were to do this the world would acclaim your action, and the forces of sanity, released from their long bondage, would ensure for the years to come a life of vigour and achievement and joy surpassing anything known in even the happiest eras of the past.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

London Diary

AN ancient Egyptian saying runs: 'When man learns what moves the stars, the Sphinx will laugh and life will be destroyed'. This idea of supernatural punishment of human presumption exists in many cultures – for instance, in the myth of Prometheus and throughout Greek literature, in Pandora's Box and the pact of Faust. In Geneva a WHO study group of leading scientists from many countries has just spent a week considering the present form of this myth. That is to say, they discussed the effects on mental health of resurrecting our ancestral fears by nuclear research and exploring outer space. Reports from many parts of the world showed that there is a superstitious awe of radiation, unseen, unheard, unfelt, untasted, unsmelt, but pervasive. Some of it is due to ignorance aggravated by the general distrust of official pronouncements which leads amongst other things to a revolt against science itself; psychiatrists found that the physicists were themselves laden with guilt. Apparently the world's greatest worry is the biological chain reaction – the fall-out and the atomic wastes which are liable to poison the air, water and soil, then the plants, fish, animals, then the humans who eat them, and finally their children and descendants. The little matter of personal annihilation by H-bombs quite naturally worries us less. We have grown used to war, and, anyway, we have to die sometime!

* * *

I doubt if Tom Mboya, the leading African member of the Kenya Legco, is well advised to turn down the new constitution devised by Lennox-Boyd. In the aftermath of Mau Mau Kenya Africans, it seems to me, must use Fabian tactics; if they advance skilfully from one position to another they must win their battle, since the settlers are not, as in South Africa, outnumbered by four or five to one, but by more than a hundred to one. By well-considered tactics they can gradually achieve the reality of economic power without which mere political power is illusory. They have already proved their strength by rejecting the Lyttelton constitution and winning

more seats in the Legco. They should, of course, demand more representation, criticise details such as the proposed council of state, and take advantage of divisions in the European community. What I fear is that they may build too much on the greater sympathy of a Labour government. This would be unwise, partly because there is no certainty that there will be a Labour government in the near future, and partly because if there is one, no one can tell whether it will have the time, amidst the terrific problems that will face it, to face the risks of upsetting Lennox-Boyd's compromise. Tom Mboya has shown great qualities; a young man less than twelve months in the political field, he has been lionised in Europe and America and is of course aware that other Africans are awaiting their chance to accuse him of selling out to the Europeans. But if he plays too much to the gallery, he may only too easily lead his followers into expecting more than can now be achieved, and Mboya may find he has lost what could have been a new base from which to start further operations. Incidentally he may destroy his own political career.

* * *

What would you do if you had a million pounds and had to spend it this year? This old fireside game is now being played in earnest by a number of giant trusts founded by millionaires who have naturally objected to passing on to the state their often ill-gotten fortunes. Of course there are always obligations, restrictions and attachments which form some framework within which the harassed trustees have to work. Politics come in at an early stage and if you want to ask for money from the Ford or the Rockefeller Foundation, you'll have to phrase your application in a way that will conform to accepted rules. If you are not a charity you had better make sure that you look like one: if you are wanting to do research you'd better drop a pretty clear hint that its results are not likely to seem useful to any country behind the Iron Curtain. With such thoughts in mind I've been looking at the list of grants totalling over a million pounds which the Gulbenkian Foundation is giving away this year. About half of it goes to projects in the Moslem world, many of them sensible pilot plans. These large endowments in the Middle East may have important effects; the entire outlook of the Arab world will be changed by a new class of technicians. Two smaller but imaginative grants are £8,000 for the Middlesbrough Little Theatre, Yorks – the cost of completing the first new theatre in England since the war – and £5,000 to our old enterprising friend, Tom Harrisson, the founder of Mass-Observation, to continue the surprising excavations of the huge cave of Niah in Sarawak. That scores a point in the game; you probably wouldn't have thought of putting archæology in Sarawak on your list, would you?

* * *

J. Kozonguizi, an Herero student, now at the University of Cape Town, wrote an article on SW Africa in the current issue of *Africa South*. This was reprinted and sent to heads of delegations of the UN Trusteeship Committee at the time when they were discussing South-West Africa a few weeks ago; the Trusteeship Committee, at Michael Scott's request, cabled Kozonguizi, inviting him to fly over and give evidence in person. A passport was first applied for on 5 October, and Mrs Margaret Ballinger, MP, interviewed the Private Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior on 18 October, and was told that Mr Kozonguizi would receive a reply within the next day or two. Instead, on the same day, the CID sent a man to see Mr Kozonguizi, who questioned him and took him to the main police station. He has received no answer to his application. The government would no doubt be embarrassed by allowing him to go as an articulate person who condemns the present policy in South-West Africa; it would also be embarrassed by refusing a passport when it claims before the UN that the Hereros enjoy full democratic rights. This delaying manœuvre has succeeded, since a decision has already been taken by the UN.

* * *

I am not surprised that the appointment of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick to be chairman of ITA is leading to protests against the infiltration of the BBC by the Roman Church. The leaders of the Free Church of Scotland complain of the 'increasing dominance by the Roman Catholic Church in BBC sound and television' and demand that it maintains a 'scrupulous impartiality in matters of religion'. I hope they do not forget the claims of humanism in their demand. They point particularly, as I have done, to the organisation of a Catholic Radio Guild among staff members; *Annunciation* claims that they capture BBC time for their sectarian purposes. The stock BBC replies to such protests is that the Catholic Radio Guild plays no role in BBC policy. Similarly, I suppose, the Cavendish family has no say in Tory policy and the liver-fluke has no recognised position inside a sheep.

* * *

The names of Lord Altrincham and Malcolm Muggeridge are, it seems, unknown in Buckingham Palace; no one in Court circles ever reads any of the newspapers which have carried their criticisms. So it is pure coincidence that several sensible changes have been made in the royal routine. The Queen's dinner table is now more often being honoured by people who count in the public mind. Something has happened, too, about press releases of photographs. On Tuesday this week the Queen was seen by the public convulsed with perfectly normal human laughter. She really enjoyed the Crazy Gang, and the public was allowed to know that she didn't keep her face in corsets. I should say that that photograph has done a lot to counteract the schoolmarmy tones which she is said to adopt when she addresses the public. We shall see her and the Duke on bicycles yet. Best of all, the silly business of presenting debutantes has been brought to an end. Some of the comments made by the selected circle of the disappointed are worth putting on record. The director of one of the London finishing schools said that she was 'very, very sad'. Maybe presentation parties were an anachronism, but 'they were the last of a lovely, lovely world'. Madame Vacani, who teaches debs to curtsy, however, was made of sterner stuff. She said they would still have to curtsy to the cake at Queen Charlotte's Ball. I liked, too, the lady who said that the little schoolgirls, when presented, 'just put on their pretty little hats and things, met the Queen and became women'.

CRITIC

PLAYING THE GAME is (of course) a feature of THIS ENGLAND.

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This England

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Lord Alastair Graham, St Edmundsbury and Ipswich, suggested 'that the church should send up a sputnik into outer space with a bishop inside it, which would draw the attention of millions towards God'.—*Daily Telegraph*. (M. Kennedy.)

When the works social committee decided to invite 20 nurses to the annual Christmas dance, eight office girls threatened to boycott the dance . . . they did not mind Americans from Burtonwood being invited, but not nurses 'because it would make the dance common'.—*Manchester Guardian*. (E. L. Bennett.)

The bar will hold 80 seated customers and 160 standing. It is hoped to encourage the habit of vertical drinking. Mrs Whitbread, the wife of the brewers' chairman, told me she felt sure a lot of British culture depended upon taking one's drinks standing at the bar. . . .'Who knows but that British-style drinking may not be the key to international peace?'—Report in *Sunday Times*. (F. Crawshaw.)

He quoted recent statements by Mr Cousins and Mr Hill, on the theme of 'getting rid of this Tory government'. These he gave as examples of what he meant when he rebuked some trade union leaders for being irresponsible and extreme.—Lord Hailsham, reported in *Daily Telegraph*. (M. J. Noakes.)

The Last Presentation

Who drives to the Mall in a hired limousine?
A deb and her mom with a card from the Queen.
The dowager fusses, the chauffeur does not—
Is *der Erlkönig* after the daughter, or what?

'My daughter, why cover your milk-pudding face,
So carefully garnished to lend it some grace?
Your dress is correct and your curtsy will do—
Just think of the gals who would love to be you.'

'My mother, my mother, you don't understand—
You're either too stupid, or else you are canned.
Lord A. and this Muggeridge gink had a hunch,
And the gaggle I'm in is the last of the bunch.

My poor little sister, though painfully dim,
Can curtsy to kill in St. Trinian's gym;
But how can she turn up her nose at the plebs?
The Court has its cue to put paid to the debs.'

'My darling, my darling, it's very Non-U
When speaking of debs to refer to a queue;
And, in spite of Lord A., dear, I haven't a doubt
There's only one way for a gal to Come Out.'

'My mother, my mother, that's just what I mean;
My sister, though buxom, is only fifteen.
She cannot Come Out, for the Court will refuse—
For maidens of Mayfair, how tragic the Mews!.

And think of the dowagers losing their trade—
A thousand per head for the gals on parade!'
(The mother, whose living depended on that,
Took refuge in silence, good breeding and fat.)

REGINALD REYNOLDS

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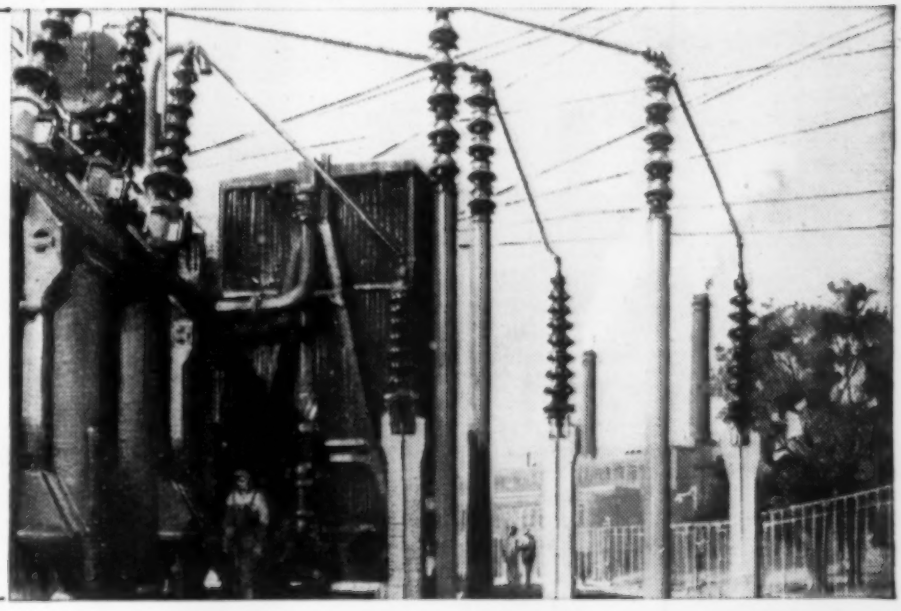

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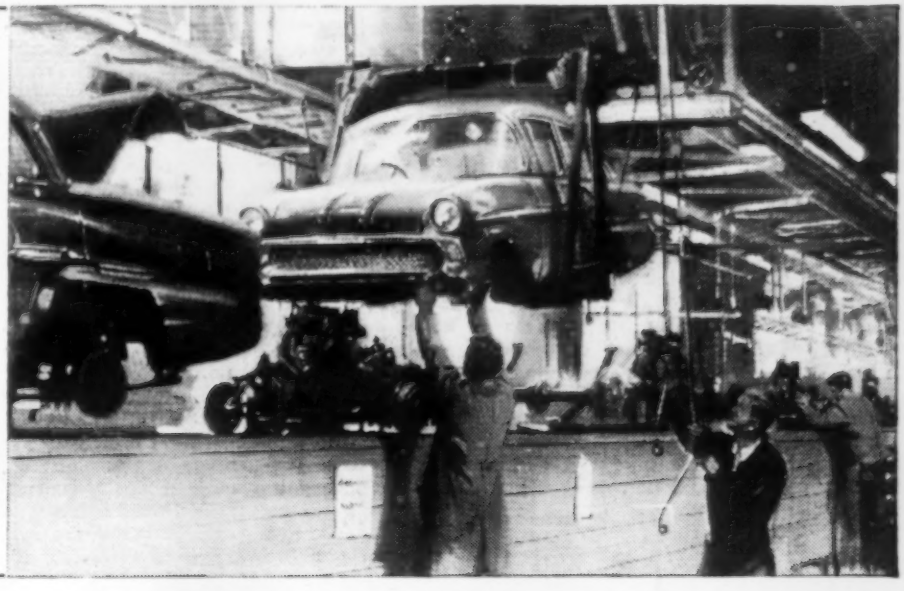
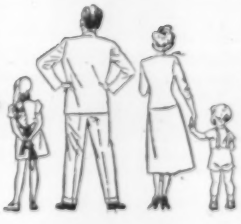


better  living

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A New Look at Britain

THE café on Southampton dock was my introduction to England after an absence of six years. The newspapers and cigarette packages scattered about were English, and the tea was modest in taste and cool in temper. But the serving counter was all wrong. Stretched across it, from one end to the other, was a row of Pepsi-Cola bottles, each of them nestled in an advertising placard. These bottles, of course, were not merely a reflection of the sailors' cosmopolitan tastes. They were a significant symbol of an England that is being profoundly affected not only by the American way, but by developments similar to those which have shaped America herself. Along with rock and roll, supermarkets, the TV shows that originate in New York, and the other direct imports, there are the life-styles that develop in a mass society which emphasises consumption and higher living standards. The mass society is a precondition for Americanisation, but all mass societies produce their own peculiar institutions and habits which, while they remind one of America, are not American inspired. The vulgarisation and the triviality of much of the London press, for example, or the rise of commercial television, can hardly be blamed upon the US, while Butlin holiday camps, which have no clear American counterpart, are a purely British response to the loneliness and isolation of modern life.

The emergent British mass society is in essentials no more than ten years behind its American counterpart, and perhaps less, on the assumption of a sustained prosperity. The New Deal laid the basis in America for the 'People's Capitalism' (e.g., mass consumption, welfare capitalism) which reached maturity in the Truman-Eisenhower era, and the Labour government ten years after the New Deal set the stage for the British-style People's Capitalism which is maturing in the Macmillan-Gaitskell era. For while People's Capitalism is heavily subsidised by the state – indeed, it is impossible to imagine this kind of society without state intervention – such subsidies do not affect its underlying character as private enterprise capitalism. State subsidy, however, does substantially alter the social aspect of capitalism, in that it minimises risk and failure, promotes efficiency, distributes opportunity more equitably, and most important of all, makes possible full employment and mass consumption.

I see no *present* reason to believe that People's Capitalism and its accompanying culture will develop very differently in Britain. The rearguard actions of the old social order are better organised in Britain, to be sure, but they are rearguard actions without much prospect of success. The Establishment, the rugged individualists in British industry, the unreconstructed Tories, the angry young men who write the novels and plays, and the public school graduates cannot long delay the rapid development of the new society.

The impact of this change upon British politics is to me, an American, particularly striking – and familiar. Both political parties are in the process of discovering that the spirit of People's Capitalism is hostile not only to radical and conservative extremes in politics, but to politics altogether. To begin with, political and economic realities force both parties to accept the need for state intervention and subsidy, and with this acceptance the economic issue content of politics is sharply reduced. The popular sense of economic well-being, arising from full employment; the transformation of the proletariat, through automation and better working conditions, into a leisure class; the widespread permeation of middle-class living standards and values – all of these developments are forcing the parties to abandon class and interest politics, and to substitute for such politics special, and in the historical context, lesser concerns. Hence the rising political interest displayed by both parties in the problems of the aged, the consumers, the suburbanites, the motorists and commuters.

The difficulty is that these problems do not lend themselves readily to party differences or voter enthusiasm. Judging by the propaganda of the two major parties, the traditional ties to the upper class and the lower class are receding in the face of a shared concern for the middle-class Fitzjoneses and those who are trying to keep up with the Fitzjoneses. But while the Fitzjoneses and would-be Fitzjoneses will not tolerate the older kind of politics, they are not much more interested in the newer type. Their image of themselves as consumers or suburbanites is not essentially a political image; this is a fact, I suggest, from which the Liberals are currently deriving some benefit. The voter whose political image of himself is fading, or confused, or non-existent, is very likely to vote, if he votes at all, for a party whose political image is also fading, confused, or non-existent.

The Conservative and Liberal parties however, are less vulnerable than the Labour Party to the political condition of the new society. For Labour Party members, like their Conservative and Liberal counterparts, are equally caught up in the social situation and conditioning of People's Capitalism. As incomes rise they, too, become more allergic to taxes and government spending. As status improves they, too, begin to absorb the point of view of those higher up. As hire-purchase extends they, too, become more anxious about political and other changes, at least in the ensuing 24 months-in-which-to-pay. Conditioned by advertising to define their lives solely in terms of material splendour, getting ahead and 'togetherness', they, too, are apt to eschew ideology, Socialism, radicalism, politics itself.

Given the present drift, and assuming neither depression nor war, it is possible to argue that the new thinking within the Labour Party will necessarily confine itself to superannuation schemes, road-building schemes, up-to-date gas-and-water Socialism. But if People's Capitalism has disposed of the major social evils of *laissez-faire*, it has engendered newer evils which, so far as I know, have not received much attention from any political party in Britain or, for that matter, in the US.

One of these evils, for example, is the evil – and I use the term advisedly – of leisure. For the first time in history the mass of the people enjoys, or will shortly enjoy, sufficient time and money for the pursuit of leisure. Yet there is reason to believe that the coming 60-hour leisure week will raise problems more serious than those of the earlier 60-hour work week. The work week, whatever else it was, was a week of planned activity and, occasionally, of creative activity, which engaged the individual during most of his waking hours. The leisure week, on the other hand, is so far unplanned, and for most people non-creative. Gadgetry, hobbies, attending the movies and watching television are often engaged in compulsively, and, this suggests that they function less as meaningful activities than as attempts to escape boredom. The old Socialist dream of a leisure devoted to love, culture and humanity, far from being behind the Labour Party, is still ahead of it.

There is the related problem of the meaning of culture in a mass society; this seems to me a particularly urgent problem in Britain. If the mass society is basically hostile or indifferent to Third Programme, modern art, and 'high-brow' culture in general, there is grave danger that the democratisation of class will carry with it a democratisation, or vulgarisation, of culture in the direction of 'low-brow' tastes. But this is not inevitable, provided that every effort is made to inculcate a sense of cultural values not merely in the public schools but in all the schools and institutions that serve the mass of citizens. The socialisation of cultural values is, again, ahead of the Labour Party rather than behind it.

One could, in fact, list a series of problems arising from the new society in which the Labour Party, at the moment, seems little interested. The role of advertising in the promotion of certain incentives and goals, and the question of its social control; the internal structure of industry and the extent of workers' participation in management; the degree to which the expense account has quietly achieved a regressive redistribution of 'Fair Shares'; the significance for economics and social psychology of the rise of hire-purchase; the relations, including political relations, between British and American industry – the determination of policy in all of these areas, far from having been settled in the past, is still in the future.

The whole promise of Socialism is, indeed, still ahead of the Labour Party, and perhaps farther ahead than it was in 1951, or even in 1945. For British Socialism always promised more than full employment, or better housing, or equal access to the flickering images on a screen in a darkened room. It promised not merely a new society but a better society, and not merely a new man but a better man. Clearly the new society and the new man have arrived. There may yet be time for the Labour Party to make something better of both of them.

ARNOLD ROGOW

Fleet Street Notebook

A COUPLE of days ago I found myself brooding on editors. For if editors are—as used to be the common habit—regarded as the mountain peaks of the Fleet Street landscape, then the journalistic terrain has changed out of all recognition. Only three national newspapers today have the same editor as they had five years ago—the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Worker*. Not all the changes of course have been brought about by proprietorial whims or circulation anxieties; death, illness and normal retirement have played some part. But the fact remains that over the past four or five years there has been a far bigger change in the composition of the small group of people who day by day determine what the British people shall read than over any previous comparable period. And pretty much the same is true among Sunday papers. At least seven, as far as I remember, have found it necessary for one reason or another to opt for a new editor in this same period. Nor has the situation been very different in the popular magazine field where, to take one example, *Everybody's* has used up three editors in the same time.

So rapid a turnover promotes a certain amount of brooding. It is very doubtful indeed whether, except in the case of *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, the majority of the readers of the news-

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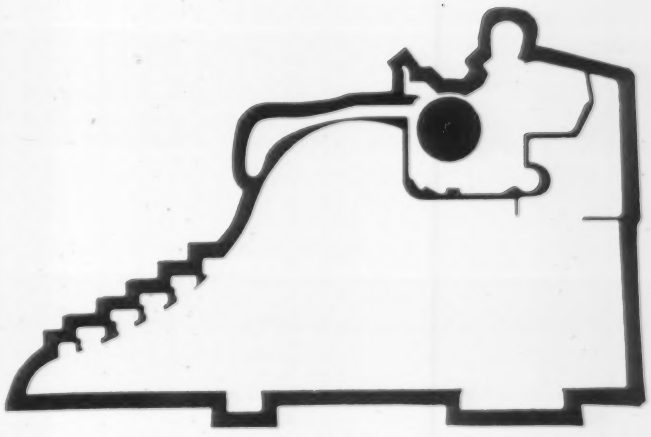

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papers affected either knew or cared. Time was when most newspaper editors were public personalities, identified with particular policies or particular approaches to journalism. This is no longer the case. I doubt whether anyone outside Fleet Street—and not all those inside it—could today give you off-hand the names of most of those who at this moment edit the *Express*, *Mail*, *Mirror*, *Herald* and *News Chronicle*. Yet these are the best-known newspapers in the country, influencing in some degree well over 30,000,000 people a day. And who but an interested party would be likely to stand up successfully to an examination paper on the names of those now in editorial control of the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Pictorial*, the *Sunday Express*, the *People*, the *Sunday Dispatch*, the *Empire News* and the *Sunday Graphic*, though between them these papers provide practically the entire Sabbath reading matter for all but a tiny minority. This does not mean that the majority of our national and Sunday press is now edited by nonentities. Far from it. Two of the dailies I have mentioned are certainly better edited today than they have been for many years.

The fact is that the character and to some extent the function of newspaper editorship in all but a few opinion papers is radically altering. The in-and-out migration of editors over the past five years is a sign of this. True, the move from the editor as policy maker to the editor as chief executive began with the Northcliffe revolution. But Marlowe and Blumenfeld and, at a later stage, Christiansen, Percy Cudlipp, Frank Owen, John Gordon and the rest who came to the top editorially at various stages in that revolution, in addition to being expert newspaper men of the new kind required, were also, in some degree, public personalities. They impressed not only their techniques but their personalities on their paper. And until recently the *News Chronicle*, first with Gerald Barry and then Robin Cruickshank, kept even closer than others to the earlier tradition.

We are now moving into the regime of the anonymous editor: the production man whose general—as distinct of course from specific—skills and abilities are much more akin to those of the top production management of any large modern business than they are to those of former editors. And like comparable top executives in other industries, many of them—particularly at the level just below the top—move without difficulty from one paper to another irrespective of political or other character because it is the actual business of production which is their primary interest.

While the first alteration in the status of the editor came from the emergence of the proprietor as the dominant figure in the public personality of newspapers, this latest stage in the growth of the popular British newspaper editor coincides with the end of the era of the personal newspaper proprietor and his steady replacement by a board of directors—frequently with an accountant at the top. Lord Beaverbrook alone remains of the old original vintage of press barons who used their papers not only as a means for making money but as vehicles for their own ideas and prejudices. The anonymous editor has arrived at his full fruition not, as once seemed likely to be the case, because press peers could not stomach competing personalities near the throne, but because he can best represent and execute the plans of anonymous boards concerned in producing newspapers as business propositions. In this operation policy is of course one of the necessary ingredients. Newspapers must present a public face on public matters agreeable to their readers: they must not depart too radically from their former character or traditions, nor swing too violently with the weathercock of changing public tastes. They must preserve their own particular place in the market just as must any other old-established firm that wants to hold on to its clientele while finding such new customers as it can. But much of the old theses about the power and influence of the press, the kind of people who control it, the purposes for which they do so and the place of the editor in these purposes are in need of rewriting. The manager has taken over Fleet Street.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Hall of a Thousand Mirrors

SAIGON in the old days, before Diem and the Americans cleaned it up, was a good place to look at harlotry. The top class of girls, where the amateurs merged into the professionals, were Vietnamese and Chinese, generally from good middle-class families. They lived with a man of their own choice for several months in a comfortable flat rented by him, spending his money on housekeeping and their clothes only a little more extravagantly than a wife would. Often these girls married their lovers and became model wives. Most of them were intelligent, beautiful and domestic-minded. A little below them were the dance hostesses who chose a man from their clients for a night or longer. Most of them paid their own rents and were less domestically minded and often less intelligent than the long-term mistresses. Very often they were of mixed blood, with French and Senegalese ancestry as well as Chinese and Vietnamese. Right at the bottom of the scale, way below the other girls, paid less and with no social consequence at all, were the girls in the brothels. Some of the correspondents told me, with the sentimentality so common to tough men, that these were the best girls of all . . . the only women who were not bitches; golden-hearted honeys, mother figures, the only true friends for a man. I had heard a lot of this talk, but had never been in the brothels or met the brothel girls until I went to the Hall of the Thousand Mirrors one evening with Jean, the French army major, and Pieter, the German-Dutch photographer.

I had, of course, heard about the Hall of the Thousand Mirrors. It was the new Binh Xuyen brothel, built, according to Saigon rumours, with American aid funds. The Binh Xuyen was most people's favourite Vietnamese sect. It controlled at this time the town's gambling, women and opium supplies . . . and also the town police which the sect found handy. The gambling was officially controlled and uniformed Binh Xuyen police stood at the doors of the Great World to search patrons before they went in for guns and coshes. The women and opium were unofficially controlled.

General Le Van Vien, the head of the Binh Xuyen, just had to control the gambling, his public relations officer told me. Why, in the past the gambling had been controlled by a wicked old Chinese who had probably been sending all the money to foreign parts and the Communists. Anyway, the Binh Xuyen had to pay the police and the private Binh Xuyen army, hadn't they? General Le Van Vien's ambition, the PRO told me with all the rubbery charm of his profession, was to administer the refugee relief funds. All these stories about women and opium and the Binh Xuyen, he said with honest indignation flashing from his deep brown eyes, were dreadful rumours circulated by those jealous of Binh Xuyen integrity and morality.

All the same, it was the taxi driver who said, 'Ah the Binh Xuyen girls', when we asked to be taken to the big new brothel; and the girls there told us with great amusement that their fine new building had been subsidised by involuntary American aid. The brothel was on the edge of Cholon, Saigon's twin Chinese city. It was down a side street with the entrance under a big red neon-lit sign saying 'Dancing' in English. Inside there was a big courtyard with a low wall down the middle. The other side of the wall was the military brothel . . . the same girls, I was told, but half price. The price of the girls on our side was 100 piastres . . . at that time a pound at the legal rate of exchange and ten shillings on the black market round the corner.

Just inside the courtyard Jean suddenly said I should not come any further. It was not respectable, he said. His mother was president of the Anglo-Norman Society for Cultural Relations and he had a strong sense of propriety. But I could see the courtyard was filled with my respectable acquaintances, including three British clerks strolling arm in arm on the central grass plot. 'Just in for a look round,' one of them said a trifle awkwardly. 'Interesting place, isn't it? Quite a part of Saigon life.'

Pieter took us into one of the sets of rooms opening off the courtyard where he knew the girls. The set was a long broad corridor divided into small cubicles by cardboard partitions stopping a foot or so from the ceiling. The girls were waiting for us, sitting on the arms of their chairs. They were a lumpy, thick-set, plain-looking lot, most of them between 14 and 16 years old. They wore a lot of bright red nail varnish with thick purple lipstick and white powder which gathered in drifts on their country-browned faces. They wore fitted jackets over loose trousers, the clothes of most poor Vietnamese and Chinese women; but their jackets and trousers were made up in shiny satin and trimmed with satin insets in a different colour or with rather dirty lace. Most of them had heavy earrings in imitation stones but no other jewellery. They were either barefoot or wearing heavy painted wooden sandals.

They laughed at Pieter when he came in, and one of the girls pinched him, flounced away, pinched him again and said she was going to get her supper. Pieter felt through his pockets, borrowed 100 piastres from Jean, and shouted in Vietnamese at the old woman in charge of the corridor. His girl already had her noodle bowl in her hand, and she glared at him, giggled and slapped him when he took it away from her. He was gone about half an hour.

Meanwhile one of the girls showed me the inside of the cubicle she generally used. It was furnished with a very hard plank bed with a flowered quilt over it, a wardrobe and two very large full-length mirrors bordered with painted pink flowers. Their old woman, my girl explained, kept half her earnings and used it to buy food and pay overheads, including the Binh Xuyen rake-off. My girl was a farmer's daughter and saving up for her dowry. She hoped to be married by the time she was 20 to some man in her native village, not in Saigon. I tried to ask her whether she liked the life, and she shrugged and said, 'One has to eat'.

In the hall the girls were laughing at Jean, teasing him in Vietnamese and trying to sit on

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his knee. He blushed and fidgeted when he saw me. No, he couldn't possibly explain the girls' jokes, he said. They wouldn't translate well. Three of the girls came to sit round me, feel the stuff of my frock, and try on my earrings. I gave them the earrings and a spare lipstick I had with me. Everybody tried the lipstick and told Jean to tell me that it was a little too pale for them, but they would keep it as a souvenir of me. One of them, she looked the oldest, told me in halting French that if ever I wanted a bed in Saigon, I could come here and they would be very glad to see me. A bed to myself, she explained; a perfectly respectable bed. I thanked her, the girls giggled again and there seemed nothing more to say. Then Pieter came out looking very cross, with the girl behind him making triumphant faces to her friends and me. Pieter swore at her but the madam already had his money and there was nothing he could do. He wanted Jean and me to come straight off to the Baccarat, a quite respectable night club, where he hoped to discuss with me the purity he so much admired and deplored in a friend of mine. She compared most unfavourably, he said, to the large-hearted, glowing girls he always found in brothels.

I asked recently what had happened to these 'large-hearted, glowing' girls, and was told that Diem really had closed the Saigon brothels. The girls I met in the Hall of the Thousand Mirrors had been put into schools where, a Vietnamese official told me, they learnt 'a decent trade' . . . sewing, he said, or children's nursing. The girls, said the official, had been graduated from the schools at a special graduation ceremony with diplomas officially given to them. It sounded a little too good to be true; but my friends writing from Saigon say, a little sadly some of them, that everything the official handouts imply about the strict morals of the new Vietnam is true. Ever since the Binh Xuyen were defeated in a gun battle through the Saigon streets two and a half years ago, Diem and his American advisers have been cracking down on gambling, opium and prostitution. Drug stores and ice-cream parlours have taken the place of the less respectable night clubs; and farmers' daughters now earn their dowries by domestic service for the new American families flooding in on the aid programme, or by training as typists for the new offices. The last remaining public trace of the more romantic correspondents' thinking came from the Chief of Police, who is said to have remarked as he closed down yet another brothel: 'The difficulty, of course, is to pick up only the right girls and not to interfere with real, genuine lovers'.

LOIS MITCHISON

"Britain and the Nuclear Bombs"

J. B. Priestley's article from the *New Statesman* of November 2 is in heavy demand in leaflet form. To readers of this inspired polemic his new volume of essays is a "must"—

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The Arts and Entertainment

A Great Elektra

SATURDAY night at Covent Garden was one of those operatic occasions we often read about, and seldom experience for ourselves. 'The house was half empty on a wet November evening when a new singer, quite unheralded, scored a triumph in one of the most taxing roles of the repertory.' If a future historian should write in such terms of the début of Mme Gerda Lammers in *Elektra*, he would be exaggerating only in one detail: the house was reasonably full. But few of the audience can have expected anything out of the ordinary from an unknown soprano imported from Cassel in order—to put it bluntly—to fill a last-minute gap caused by the illness of Christel Goltz. Under Rudolf Kempe we could be sure of a notable orchestral performance; what we actually encountered, the impact of genius, was something different and almost bewildering: a half forgotten taste. The result proved a triumph for Hofmannsthal and Strauss no less than for their interpreters: a work of art often disfigured in execution by mere dull violence and excess was revealed, for once, in all its true grandeur.

The complaint is sometimes made—it was made again the other day by a colleague—that *Elektra* lacks nobility. To my sense the contrary is true: nobility is just the quality that distinguishes this opera from its equally effective and exciting predecessor, *Salome*. It was the great merit of Mme Lammers's conception, as of Herr Kempe's inspired direction, that this nobility of spirit was never lost to view. From first to last we were made to see Elektra, not simply as the vile animal she appears to Klytemnestra's adherents but as the tragically tormented great soul perceived by the wondering and loving eyes of the Fifth Maidservant: 'She is a royal child, there is nothing in the world more royal. . . . She lies in rags on the threshold, but no one can endure her gaze'. This royal child, her body humbled, her spirit untamed, her desire for just vengeance unquenchable, her wits alert, yet with the gleam of incipient madness in the fixity of her eye, is a dramatic conception of the first order; and the nobility of the conception is revealed in the intense pathos of which words and music become capable in the hands of such an artist as Mme Lammers.

In her impassioned opening incantation to the dead Agamemnon, such was her sombre fixity of gesture and gaze that we half expected the floor boards to part and reveal the awful iron spectre of her imagination. Then—and at this point I felt sure that she was going to give us the whole Elektra—there came another accent, one of intense and grand pathos, as she raised her eyes from the ground and begged her father to appear to her once more 'nur so wie gestern . . . only as yesterday, like a shadow in the corner of the wall'. I cannot hope to express, I merely record, the anguished tenderness that stole into the singer's tone at this moment—and indeed at many other moments, and above all in the central scene of Orestes' recognition. Her voice is not the unwieldy dreadnought, blazing away with every gun but also leaking at every hole, now generally associated with the role. It is not a huge voice; it is in fact a surprisingly delicate instrument, capable of rapid articulation and the finest modulations of colour. But it has the sovereign virtues of clarity and firmness, so that at the most ferocious or ecstatic climaxes the tone rang effortlessly through the house; there was not a B flat or a C which found her wanting.

She has a round, plump, perhaps rather pretty face, which might not seem intended by nature to depict the haggard Mycenean heroine; but after a few moments she has become Elektra in our minds, and thereafter the dramatic illusion is never dispelled. She uses a great variety of gesture, always freshly imagined and precisely motivated by the situation. On hearing the first false news of Orestes' death, she felt her way along with slow and miserable steps in front of the huge palace doors as though, if ever she lost touch with them, she must needs fall to the ground. More than once fall she did, to remain motionless for minutes on end, a slumped sack of grey human wreckage. But her recoveries were tremendous; her taunting of Klytemnestra and Aegistheus was keen and subtle; her stillness when face to face with the regained Orestes was a stupor of unrealisable joy; and her triple cry 'Orest!' must haunt the listener's memory, so quiet it was, so musical, so deadly calm. Her performance was all music, all drama, all intensity, all passion; it could be all these things at once because it was all of a whole, all one.

On such occasions a wind of inspiration blows through the house, and makes others rise above themselves. I have never heard the Covent Garden Orchestra play more delicately, or with a more glowing richness of tone at the climaxes, which Kempe carefully spaced out as though mindful of Strauss's famous advice to play the score 'like Mendelssohn, fairy music'. Georgine von Milinkovic made a splendidly corrupt Klytemnestra, obtaining her effects entirely by singing, and not by that vulgar *Sprechgesang* to which inferior exponents of the part resort. The Chrysothemis, an East Berlin soprano named Hedwig Müller-Bütow, is a thoroughly competent artist, though by no means of the same calibre, either vocally or dramatically, as her colleagues. The minor parts, especially the Aegistheus of Edgar Evans and the Third Maidservant of Josephine Veasey, were well cast; and Otakar Kraus made an effective Orestes, though his habit of singing out of one side of his mouth sadly diminished the heroic dignity of his aspect; can it not be cured? Against the monumental set of Isabel Lambert, the anonymous

production told well—nor did Mme Lammers, for that matter, look as though she needed much production: clearly she had thought out her performance in the closest detail. The Covent Garden directors, about whom from time to time we all have hard things to say, deserve much credit for their alertness and sure judgment in securing such an artist at short notice. Strange as it may seem, though an experienced concert singer, she has sung in opera for less than two years, and has appeared in only three other parts: Alceste, Senta and Marie in *Wozzeck*. She must extend her repertory, and come back to us again and again.

The week has contained some other noteworthy events, including Annie Fischer's masterly interpretation of Schumann's piano concerto at a Sunday evening LSO concert which was also conducted by Kempe. On Friday, Klemperer and the Philharmonia rounded off their Beethoven cycle with a Ninth Symphony especially remarkable for the wonderful contribution of the newly formed Philharmonia Chorus, trained by the Bayreuth chorus-master, Wilhelm Pitz. Opinions varied about Klemperer's direction; I myself thought this an impressive, solid interpretation of the work, though by no means so moving as some I have heard. Its weakest feature was the confused bass solo singing of Hans Hotter, whose account of the word 'freudenvollere' defied rational notation. At the head of an ill-balanced solo quartet sat the pure-voiced Aase Nordmo-Lövberg, pronounced too ill to make her début as Chrysothemis on the following night, but looking, if I may say so, the very picture of Nordic health and composure. The contralto of the quartet, Mme Christa Ludwig, presented herself on Monday at the Wigmore Hall as a Lieder singer, and made a very favourable impression. She must beware of forcing her rich and attractive mezzo, as she did in her first song, Schubert's *Die Allmacht*; and she will someday discover rather more in Hugo Wolf than she now seems to feel. Brahms suited her better; and in the picturesque humour and tenderness of a Mahler group, with the brilliant support of Gerald Moore, she was entirely captivating.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The American Scene

MR DONALD OGDEN STEWART'S play at the Arts is by far the most interesting and enjoyable play London has been offered for many months. *The Kidders* lies in that American territory somewhere between O'Hara, Clifford Odets, and the *New Yorker* and it is a study of a small-town suburban group. Agnes, the elder sister, has got away young; she has become a successful career girl, personal assistant to the boss of a large Corporation, and with the option, so to speak, of marrying him. She comes back from the jungle of the big-city struggle to revisit her younger sister Jennie with a somewhat idealised memory of her home town. Jennie's husband, Dan, and their friends are employed in the corporation's local office; and their home life seems at first to conform to her expectations. The house is agreeable and gay: upstairs Dan and Jennie's little five-year-old daughter is sleeping: friends drop in in a casual, easy way: they seem to be 'having fun'. The happy American young married scene straight from the Ads. page.

And then Mr Stewart proceeds to strip off the bright paint layer by layer. Having fun, you first notice, consists in that lively flip of wisecracks to-

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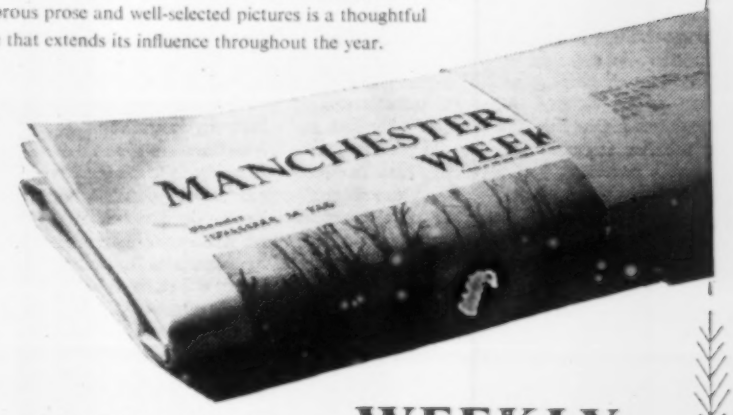

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and-fro, the continuous kidding along some Americans seem to enjoy. And because Mr Stewart is a practised script writer, these wisecracks, many of them, are very funny; but just as you are opening your lips to laugh at them, the smile is wiped off your face by a sourness that seeps out from them. They're funny in a rather crooked way and, before we know it, we sense that this 'kidding' is a smokescreen thrown up to conceal the sharp edges of anxiety and hostility with which any moment you may collide; and then someone is likely to get hurt.

The cunning of the play consists in gradually leading us stage by stage behind this smokescreen, each revelation of the reality behind leading on to another. At the core of it is the simple naked fear of loss of employment. The Corporation is known to be closing down its branch offices; rumour has it that this one is next on the list, and past practice suggests that the Corporation, as a sop, takes one man, but only one, into the New York office as a representative. They are all spoiling for the position, and putting up a prepared front in the presence of Agnes the Corporation boss's P.A. And then there are their private anxieties too. Dan is the son of a millionaire who left his fortune to charity, and has become a drunk. Jennie has countered by sleeping around. The jungle has reached the small-town suburbs as well.

Mr Stewart controls the movement of his play with a fine sense of dramatic revelation and the dialogue is brilliantly condensed and acid. I went with him all the way up to the end where he seemed to me to compromise with his own revelations. The career girl might just fall for the local idealist and give up her comforts, but that wouldn't, as it left me the impression of doing, solve the alcoholic's problem and would make even more certain the closing of this local branch and so dish everybody. I wish Mr Stewart, having stripped his characters naked, had left them howling, not huddled them into protective clothing again.

The acting was notable. For the first time that I can remember an English cast gives a satisfactory equivalent of American speech and behaviour; and I take this as a tribute to Mr Phil Browne's direction, which was sure at every other point too. Mr Lyndon Brook made a great hit as the alcoholic, his timing and spacing were quite masterly. Miss Faith Brook as the career girl and Mr Leo Ciceri as the brash arch-kidder were nicely in character and Miss Pauline Yates skilfully revealed the bitch beneath the skin of the sweet sister.

Elsewhere on our stages – for it was American week in the theatre – we had the American scene from the Ad. pages straight. *The Happiest Millionaire* at the Cambridge is good clean American corn about a Philadelphian family, the Biddles, headed by an eccentric millionaire who makes life such fun at home that his little daughter doesn't want to leave to get married. But we all have to grow up, etc., etc. Good-hearted family entertainment for the very unexacting and distinguished by a nice little portrait of a goofy young man by a newcomer, Dan Massey. The new American musical at the Coliseum, *The Bells are Ringing*, is also agreeably old-fashioned. It has no ambitions; it isn't 'about' anything; it isn't 'real'. But as the last few attempts in this direction that we have seen have fallen so far short of their pretensions, it makes a pleasant change. It reminded me of the musical comedies of my youth; its story is as adequate as those that P. G. Wodehouse or Freddie Lonsdale used to supply, and its star, Miss Janet Blair, has all the attractions that the old stars of musical comedy used to supply. She can sing a bit, dance a bit, act a bit. Everyone has been busy telling us that she is not Miss Judy Holliday. This is incontrovertible. But she is so fresh and vivacious and attractive and gay that she carried the evening along. But, again, for the unexacting.

To South America for Theatre Workshop's new presentation, *And the Wind Blew*, by a Brazilian playwright, Edgard da Rocha Miranda. This made, to be frank, a very unenlivening evening. The scene is a sad, poor, by-passed village at the height of a drought where a stranded Monsignor is rumoured to have committed a miracle. And how Miss Joan Littlewood, the director, went to town with those poverty-stricken villagers! She set her actors illustrating every symptom of their multitudinous diseases, every tic and twist and sore. Not once: but again and again and again. There was also a play there about the Monsignor and his conscience, but this interested her so much less than the all-too-displayable hunger symptoms that she forgot all about it.

T. C. WORSLEY

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The Provincial and the Cosmopolitan

LAST week I suggested that the lack of fluency in contemporary British art was something of an asset, considering the emptiness of most contemporary Continental art, which is nothing if not fluid. Two current one-man shows illustrate the point. André Minaux (Adams Gallery) and Brian Bradshaw (Crane Kalman Gallery, 178 Brompton Road, until Saturday the 23rd at 5 p.m.) are both young realists, more or less, and both are in their early thirties. In technique, Bradshaw is a first-year student by comparison with Minaux; in innate ability, Bradshaw seems utterly outclassed by Minaux. But Bradshaw is the one who paints the more interesting pictures. Minaux, in the directness and amplitude of his forms and the simple grandeur of his silhouettes, is an authentic descendant of Millet – an ancestry which he appears, judging from his iconography, to appreciate. Only, an art akin to Millet's is, by virtue of the simplicity of its means, middlebrow journalism when it does not convey, or even imply involuntarily, an attitude to life and man and society, or when it does not convince that the subject was one which the painter *had* to paint. There is only one painting in the present Minaux exhibition in which the subject seems to have been more than a pretext for a picture: *L'Eglise*.

Bradshaw *is* so obsessed with his subject, though this doesn't mean he always makes us see why. His domestic animals (cats, dogs, and women) are bores, for all that we can see with what pleasure and curiosity he has looked at them. The aspects of his world that he makes real for us are his seas – all the massive weight of the waves – and his birds flying above the moors. There is a tender love of things (as you might have guessed) behind the air of hard-boiled provincialism, the titles that are schoolboyish in their anxiety not to be soft, the way of painting that is like the way some confirmed provincials talk: using a Lancashire accent as an instrument of aggression. Bradshaw appears to realise the absurdity of being an English painter.

I suppose that no English artist of our time has tried harder to forget he is English and immerse himself in the cosmopolitan mainstream than S. W. Hayter. In what concerns reputation at least, Hayter has certainly succeeded. Most English expatriate artists have earned their francs or lire by sending their pictures home to London for sale; Hayter, on the contrary, has lived off the land, in America as well as Europe. And only now is he having his first major exhibition in his own country, at the Whitechapel Gallery.

Hayter's international reputation has been won, of course, largely as a pioneer and teacher of new technical procedures in graphic art. The Whitechapel retrospective suggests that this reputation does him a disservice, for until we have seen this exhibition we tend to think of Hayter as an honourable craftsman and a splendid fellow who has imparted esoteric knowledge to real artists of the breed he himself does not belong to. I would go further and say that Hayter has been done a disservice, not only by his reputation as a master-engraver, but by his very practice of the craft. For his engravings are really rather bad: despite all their technical cleverness they are naive unintentional caricatures of modern art; as to their famous 'whiplash' line, the thing about a whiplash is that it seems alive, and these lines are utterly congealed and dead. Hayter's line gets its whiplash quality in only some of his paintings, some of his *larger* paintings. His line comes to life only when he is working on a big scale because it is only then that his habitual convoluted multiplicity of lines has room to vibrate in. The irony of Hayter's being an engraver is that this obliges him to work on precisely the scale that does not suit him: the talent that emerges at Whitechapel is the talent of a decorator of large surfaces, in fact, a mural painter. It is in the big picture, seen from a distance, that Hayter's defects – the banality of his figuration, the over-schematic quality of his handwriting – are covered up and his qualities allowed to impose themselves to the utmost. There is no other living English painter whose paintings 'carry' across a large room as effectively as Hayter's do at Whitechapel.

There are several commendable and even remarkable miscellanies on view at present, from which for the moment I single out two that are due to close at the end of the month. One is the excellent collection of *collages* and reliefs called *Pictures without Paint* at the AIA Gallery. The other is a generally charming and often distinguished anthology of sculpture, antique and modern, at the Arcade Gallery. It includes an outstandingly beautiful Rodin group in marble.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Gaiety

Out of the blue—if the image is not at the moment too extravagant—has come a surprise: a film spun by Preston Sturges out of the Major Thompson books. (Or rather the first of them, which appeared over here as *Major Thompson Lives in France*, superior, I gather, to its American sequel.) A flavour went out of the cinema when Preston Sturges ceased to be gay and became fat; now, unexpectedly, he has slimmed and sets us laughing again. This romp of his—*The Diary of Major Thompson* (Berkeley)—takes full advantage of the double-edged caricature of the original, bull-dogs as seen by frogs and *vice versa*, and adds not a little of its own for the eye. I dare say you have read the book—some millions have; if so, I should explain that its chapter divisions by subjects have been run into a story of Major Thompson at home and at his publisher's, turning in a new instalment of *aperçus*. Jack Buchanan, with a gallant moustache some shades darker than in the original, displays negligent charm and a precision in comedy with which I, at least, hadn't credited him. He is very funny winning his horsewoman, and losing her forever at the high jump; and when his Parisian marriage is threatened by the presence of the English governess, he comes home drunk—and that, too, is funny. Preston Sturges's share in all this has been active; he makes 'the nation of handshakes' riotous cinema; so also behaviour at *guichets*, driving on the right, getting off before noon, the English habit of confusing women with horses (already referred to), and French suspicion and care for the liver. Some of these textbook junketings are on a higher level than others, but the whole thing is enlivened by high spirits. Martine Carol makes the dream choice for any Englishman who had a second chance, and the typical Parisian, M. Taupin, is played by Noël-Noël.

Gaiety, from which the world at large tries to deter us, re-emerges also in the Russian season at the Palace Theatre; hitherto their efforts at it had seemed damp. But *The Safety Match* really is fun. It will make up a Chekhov programme with that best of all Chekhov films, *The Grasshopper*, and itself belongs among his squibs and vaudevilles. A local landowner is reported murdered; the police bureaucracy gets going in its way, which will postpone anything for lunch; clues lead the way to an important person's wife. Private affairs are always getting in the way of public duty. 'What were your relations with the deceased?' asks the investigating magistrate of a bold, much courted witness. 'I have had relations only with you,' she says; and nothing will budge her. . . . This is a skit on detection, on old Russian habits and village life; and if any Soviet film-maker could bring such attention to bear on human absurdities at the moment, we should all be at his feet.

American cinema confines itself this week to bad boys—juvenile delinquents, I suppose they should be called—and the Paris-Pullman gives them a double programme. *Crime in the Streets*, directed by Donald Siegel, brings close a new *Dead End Kids*, the gang on the slum corner, the untouchable hero who must kill; but its closeness is also theatrical. We never quite feel that this is a real street, with anyone walking by; all is set, pre-arranged; but, I should add, most effectively. The hero (John Cassavetes) has only one retiring place from family tension, a skeleton iron balcony with fire-escape over the street. There he crouches pondering, and up the ladder, to wrestle with him, comes the social worker (James Whitmore). His badness is far better conveyed than his final conversion; and the film strings up without resolving. Still, it's notable.

William Whitebait

Rateable Values?

'Who is not now bored with competitive crowing over audience figures?' asked Sir Robert Fraser, of the ITA, last week. 'But what do you do? What is the answer to myth and fable except fact and figure?'

What, indeed? But what *are* the facts and the figures? For there was a curious sequel to Sir Robert's breezy rhetoric. Whereas in the past the figures produced by the research organisations serving ITV have been, broadly, confirmed by BBC Audience Research – and this has been their short answer to anyone who has questioned either the nature of their methods or the size of their sample – last week, for the first time, substantial discrepancies suddenly emerged.

Everybody agrees on two main facts: (1) BBC TV, serving almost the whole country, still has a much larger *total* viewing audience than ITV; (2) where there is a choice of programmes, ITV has advanced steadily to an average audience of something like 65 per cent of the whole.

But, 'glorying in his pride', Sir Robert made more specific claims last week. 'In homes able to choose between them,' he said, '*Free Speech* has an audience seven times bigger than *The Brains Trust* . . . *This Week* twice as big as *Panorama* . . . Alan Taylor's last lecture was delivered to more people than saw *It's Magic*, and *This*

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Week usually has a higher rating than any BBC programme of any kind whatever.' (Sir Robert is one of the few men in public life whose prepared hand-outs are more exuberant than their extemporisations: despite their apparently absolute character, these last words – on the face of them, absurd – are also to be read in the context of 'homes able to choose'. The claim is still sufficiently startling.)

Stung out of its customary equanimity, the BBC issued a direct denial of Sir Robert's statements. In homes able to choose, it declared, 'the audiences for *This Week* and *Panorama* are fairly equal, with rather more viewing *Panorama*, on the average, than view *This Week*. . . . Sir Robert Fraser says Alan Taylor's last lecture was delivered to more people than saw *It's Magic* – again, presumably in homes with a choice. The figures were: 4 per cent of those homes heard Alan Taylor and 18 per cent saw *It's Magic*'.

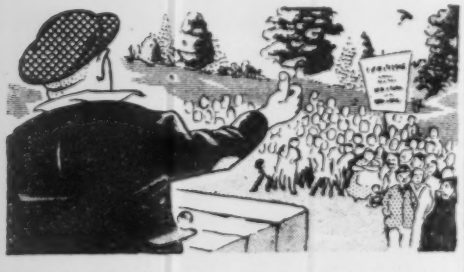
It seemed to me that since, for instance, *This Week* and *Panorama* are broadcast on different weekday evenings, the validity of Sir Robert's claim might be checked more closely by a comparison between *Free Speech* and *The Brains Trust*, two Sunday afternoon programmes of (very) roughly comparable character. Sir Robert had said that the audience for *Free Speech* was 'seven times bigger'. I asked Mr Robert Silvey, head of BBC Audience Research, to show me his organisation's detailed reports on these two programmes for several recent Sundays. Since ITV operates only in certain regions, the comparison must be regional. On one recent Sunday, 6 per cent of the viewers in the London area chose to watch *Free Speech*; 5 per cent chose to watch *The Brains Trust*. On another Sunday the respective percentages were 8 and 5; on another, 12 and 5. According to this estimate, then, *Free Speech* holds a modest lead – but this falls far short of Sir Robert's 'seven times bigger'.

Assuming (as we must, and as Mr Silvey does) the *bona fides* of the two commercial research organisations, TAM and Nielsen, how are we to explain this sharp conflict of evidence? The main explanation seems to be that we have been trying to compare the results of two kinds of research which differ so radically in method that at some point their results also are likely to differ. BBC research is based on *people* (on daily interviews with a constantly changing national sample of 2,800 adults, not all of them necessarily owners of TV sets): TAM ratings are based on *sets* (on a precise mechanical recording of the times at which the sets are switched on in a number of sample homes – 150 in London, 150 in the North, 100 in the Midlands, 75 in Scotland – and of the channels to which they are switched). It is Mr Silvey's view that this difference of method is least likely to produce different results if you are estimating average percentages for the rival channels as a whole – which had been, till last week, the principal exercise – but much more likely to do so for specific programmes. 'Take just one TV set', he says. 'Suppose your set is the only one in existence. One evening it is switched on continuously to the same channel from six to eleven p.m. TAM will show a hundred per cent viewing record for your household that evening. But you know that, in fact, the different members of your household did different things during the evening. At six o'clock the children were still viewing, you were not home from the office, your wife was cooking. Viewing was at its peak from about eight to nine o'clock, but after that the children went to bed, you went out to the pub, and your wife was left alone with the TV and her sewing. . . . And so on.' It is not only sets-switched-on that diminish in number as the evening wears on, but viewers-per-set. Therefore, the purely mechanical record of sets-switched-on can be misleading.

Other causes of the discrepancy between BBC and commercial research results may be (1) that areas of research do not exactly coincide, since the BBC organisation operates over a wider area and may therefore tend to show ITV at a disadvantage, while TAM and Nielsen naturally operate where ITV is seen best; and (2) that BBC research deals only in viewers over 16 years old, while the others include children. Mr Silvey believes that the high rating claimed for Alan Taylor may be partly due to the fact that his lectures immediately follow the children's programmes and that in many homes at that time (6 p.m.) sets are left switched on anyway, whether anybody is viewing or not.

The commercial organisations do not, of course, accept meekly the implication that 'qualitative' research, based on what people remember and say, is intrinsically more reliable than 'quantitative' research, based on a machine which, if it cannot tell the whole truth, cannot forget and cannot lie. They respect Silvey personally (a sentiment that he reciprocates), but see some disadvantages in the BBC method – e.g., that those interviewed are asked about BBC programmes before they are asked about ITV programmes. TAM itself now supplements 'Tammeters' by a 'Tamlog', or diary kept by individual viewers; TAM's criticisms of the BBC method, if valid, would presumably apply to this also. But the whole controversy, if somewhat academic to the general public, is of importance to advertisers at least, and indeed to all who are concerned, for political or other reasons, to ascertain the true strength of commercial television.

TOM DRIBERG



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POLICE EVIDENCE

SIR,—Our criminal courts are quite unfairly biased in favour of the evidence given by the police. The danger of a miscarriage of justice by reason of this undoubted state of affairs is relatively small in cases of trial by jury; it is greater where the accused appears before a bench of justices; it is very real where a case is heard by a stipendiary magistrate; it is overwhelming in road traffic prosecutions.

There are exceptions. There always will be. We have a few courteous, fair-minded, patient, human magistrates, who well remember the maxim of *in dubio pro reo*. The majority, either as a matter of expediency (too many cases, too little time), or hardened by long tenure of office, or genuinely convinced that police officers do not lie and are incorruptible while the accused must be predisposed towards lying his way out, or as a matter of misconceived public policy, will almost always accept the word of the policeman in preference to the evidence of the citizen.

Our policemen are quite frequently not the fine fellows they are made out to be, nor are our magistrates the kind of judges to whom the world at large looks as an example of 'British justice'. The remedy—and a change is long overdue—may be found in any one or a combination of the following suggestions: (a) consideration of future appointments of magistrates by a panel of counsel and solicitors and the most careful selection from and acceptance of its recommendations by the Lord Chancellor, having regard not merely to legal ability but also to human qualities. (b) Appointments of magistrates from among both sections of the legal profession. (c) The constitution of more magistrates' courts unless my suggestion under point three hereafter is adopted. Magistrates may cease throwing impatient glances at the court clock to demonstrate their impatience once their lists are kept within the limits of the possible. Arrogance, rudeness to prisoners, counsel and solicitors, lack of patience and, worse, apparent assumption of guilt, should have no place in our magistrates' courts where, let it be remembered, the great majority of our criminal and matrimonial cases are adjudicated.

Further, once an accused pleads 'guilty' in open court without qualification, he is without remedy to withdraw his plea though he may have been inspired by improper suggestions of police officers. The appeals committee will not consider such a complaint, and yet I have no doubt at all that time and again promises are held out and threats are uttered by police officers to induce an accused to plead 'guilty'. Confessions obtained in such circumstances are, of course, inadmissible in evidence. 'If you give us trouble, we can be difficult. If you plead "guilty", we'll put in a good word for you' is not an unusual inducement, but the law gives no opportunity to investigate a complaint of this nature. It must cause injustice in cases of foreigners, young persons, or those not represented by counsel or solicitor. The remedy: the magistrate's clerk ought to ask the accused at the opening of the case whether his plea is his own or brought about by the influence of the police, and whether he appreciates that a plea of 'guilty' deprives him of a proper trial. In these days of legal aid in some form or another a magistrate, who contemplates sending a man to prison for a first offence, should not accept a plea of 'guilty' without arranging for the accused to be represented.

Thirdly, can we have matrimonial courts throughout the country detached from magistrates' courts and without uniformed police in attendance or otherwise connected with the proceedings? Surely policemen are quite out of place in matrimonial matters, as is evident in the divorce division of the High Court. Can such matrimonial courts be presided over by justices or by magistrates appointed solely as matrimonial magistrates with due regard to their special training and human qualifications, sitting either alone or with two justices?

Too long has the legal profession suffered in silence the outrages from the stipendiary bench. Too long

have our magistrates accepted the evidence of a policeman as gospel. Too long have hearings of traffic offences been a judicial farce. Time and again we hear glib references to 'law and order'. It is high time that our learned MPs attacked these well-known evils and helped to eradicate the complacency and smugness which falls little short of a perversion of justice throughout the country.

SOLICITOR

THE FAITH OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

SIR,—As a working parson, may I support Lan Freed's hope that Bertrand Russell will write that additional essay, on the non-supernatural motive for morality? Christians do believe that Divine Grace is the effective counter of evil motive; that cannot mean, and students of the New Testament should not allow it to mean, that there is no such thing as natural goodness.

But there still remains the urgent question, not to score points off one another, but to aid us in a constant, daily, practical issue. What to say to those who confess, 'the good that I would, that I do not'? As Carlyle's mother posed it, 'well, Tammas; will ye tell them hoo?'

T. J. FOINETTE

5 Queens Road
Lipson, Plymouth

SIR,—I read Kingsley Martin's essay on Bertrand Russell's book with interest. He wound up with these words: 'The origin and justification of a faith not in God, but in Good, is to me a more interesting question'. Why are the wisest of men still passionate moralists hating cruelty and ready to suffer rather than surrender truth as they see it? What is the origin of this humanist faith that goes beyond the calculations of utility? These are questions that Mr Martin wants Bertrand Russell to explore, and I would welcome such an exploration. Following the bent of science, I am inclined to a hypothesis that this remarkable, stubborn faith in Good is traceable to the reality of the Deity. In seeking utilitarian justification plus the hardening of utility into instinct we have perhaps lost our way in this river expedition and God may be there after all, from whom this stubborn faith flows.

Madras, India C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

BRITAIN AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—Although I felt like cheering at Mr Priestley's magnificent return from the wilderness; although I agreed even more enthusiastically with Mr Footit's carrying of Mr Priestley's argument to its logical and sensible conclusion; although I read all the other letters under this head almost with excitement, yet in the end I fell back into the shoulder-shrugging mood which is general and which, alas! I now share. Because it is at last quite clear that whatever Mr Priestley, Earl Russell, Father Huddleston and the rest of us may think, there is nothing we can do. And there is nothing we can do because we are, *de facto*, disenfranchised.

There is an instrument which we have for long thought of as the means whereby we make the government do what we, the people, want it to do. But the House of Commons, the instrument in question, has ceased to be responsive, if it ever was, to its constituents, and its members simply march in and out of the voting lobbies according to decisions made by parties. Decisions made by parties are, to a large extent, made by the leaders who will form cabinets. Politicians certainly don't want to go to the lifetime of trouble required to get office, and then find themselves no more important in the world than the cabinet ministers of Switzerland or Norway. We have recently seen this horrid prospect corrupt even Mr Bevan, a politician whom we thought better than most, but of whom we can now say no more than that he is no worse. In short, it seems to me that the interests of the people of Britain, and that of any conceivable government of Britain are now as opposed, though not so obviously opposed, as those of the people of Hungary, the USSR or Spain, and their respective governments.

What is worse, it looks very much as if we shall have to put up with this; as if, in short, the days of freedom for the individual, notably of freedom from fear, short though they have been, are already numbered. For is it not clear that either as ourselves alone, or as a member of the Commonwealth, or as a member of some kind of United Europe, we are all going to be forced, whether we like it or not, to be citizens of a great power? We have to have politicians; we cannot stop them wanting to be great and powerful men; great and powerful men, whether good or evil, are, in office, the scourge of small and feeble men—us. And enormous pressures are driving us into an age of colossal undertakings; the Russians have just inaugurated it. It is a matter of history that undertakings of this order are achieved by tyrants, not by democracies; one can compare the tasks in front of us to the building of the Pyramids at worst; to the vast irrigation projects carried out by a succession of Incas in ancient Peru at best. The first was of use to nobody; the second was of use to everybody. And both entailed the suppression of liberty and the concentration of resources in public works so great as to strain the economy of the whole community. For this, someone had to suffer. That someone was the ordinary man. I do not believe that we can any longer pretend that technical progress has anything whatever to contribute to the freedom and happiness of men; but it has everything to contribute to the power and greatness of mankind. Power and greatness have nothing whatever to do with freedom and happiness. Who paid the price for Britain's power and greatness in the 19th century? Tens of millions of miserable factory slaves, countless half-starved farm hands. Who is paying the price for the two Sputniks now circling the earth? Tens of millions of Soviet factory and farm slaves. Who will have to pay the price for the enormous achievements which the advance of science is forcing us, with a kind of unanswerable and remorseless logic which I feel but do not understand, to undertake? We shall.

There is, of course, a hope for us; if we can take not only Mr Priestley's advice, but go further and take Mr Footit's, that will imply a change in our values. Such a change might enable us to make a similar kind of choice in our attitude to peaceful occupations, not merely in our attitude to war. But it is no use pretending that I, or anyone I know, and my acquaintance ranges from farm hands to distinguished intellectuals, really believe that we can make our feelings and thoughts felt.

How nice and easy it would all be if the prospect before us were only Orwell's *1984*! For in that bogy-novel the enemy was someone else; Winston Smith was broken into loving Big Brother, but there would have been others who would have gone on hating his guts and would have had a chance of destroying him, like older tyrants. But in our highly organised, technically brilliant age, we are our own tyrant. For after all, the politicians I have been railing at for their love of power and glory are only projections of ourselves.

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash
Canterbury

DEATH OF THE DOG

SIR,—Critic says he is astonished at what I wrote about the dog in the sky. He astonishes very easily. He sees an inconsistency in my drawing attention to the death of innumerable dogs and monkeys on the roads and in the laboratories and mourning the isolated death of the husky in Sputnik Two.

Surely because ten thousand dogs die that is no reason to be indifferent to the sufferings of one small hound? And what is wrong with my claim that the animal died 'slowly and painfully'? It was, according to the Russians themselves, harnessed down in a cramped space and was suffocated after being held there in one position for over 150 hours. Is that an easy death?

As for Critic's persistent businessman friend, I am sorry he got squeezed out in the Communist rush

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JONATHAN CAPE

to pester me on the phone—especially as he had taken the trouble to organise his typists to ring me up in relays. However, this is also no cause for astonishment for, as Critic well knows, when one of these organised telephone barrages bursts on a newspaper office the switchboard and the luckless operators are nearly swamped.

I started answering the first wave of these calls early in the day but later gave up when the same question in the same words was endlessly pumped through from the same political source. That it was a Communist operation was shown by the fury of the *Daily Worker* the next day and by the shoals of correspondence that arrived on my desk. It was no wonder that the team of diligent terrier-typists lost the scent in all this verbal vilification.

It seems a pity that the girls had nothing more profitable to do and that their leisurely employer could think of nothing better with which to occupy their time. Has this remote-control interrogator ever heard of a threepenny stamp on a letter as compared with an idiotically repeated fourpenny telephone call?

WILLIAM CONNOR
(Cassandra)

Daily Mirror

KENYA FRANCHISE

SIR,—The Colonial Secretary has gone to considerable trouble to draw up a new constitution for Kenya, very little different from the Lyttelton one, and hardly more acceptable to the Africans. What a pity he did not simply implement the promise, made by the British government under the Devonshire Declaration of 1923, that when the interests of the different races in Kenya conflict, those of the African should be paramount. The elected African leaders have acknowledged that Europeans have a right in Kenya and have undertaken to respect that right but not to allow them to maintain their present domination. *Hansard* of 14 November reports Mr Lennox-Boyd as saying it is extremely difficult to gauge the Africans' feelings about the constitution. That is exactly why Mr Tom Mboya asked that there should be a proper number of African members to represent the five and a half million Africans. He pointed out that some members have over a million constituents in areas with no communications, and no roads, and that the majority of these constituents are illiterate. Some liberal-minded European members of the Legislative Council recently resigned in order that a new constitution could be evolved and so that there could be better understanding between the races. What a pity that the Colonial Secretary has rendered their gesture largely abortive!

EILEEN FLETCHER

9 Sandfield Terrace
Guildford

LABOUR AND CYPRUS

SIR,—Unfortunately the speed of modern travel gives some people an illusion of speed of thought. Mr Donnelly, for instance, self-appointed special correspondent to himself, hurtles from Samarkand to Cyprus without realising that we cannot think as quickly as an aeroplane can travel. According to the *Times of Cyprus*, he spent 24 hours on the island, but found time to criticise what other members of the Labour movement had said there, without finding out what they did say.

He discovers the political climate has 'deteriorated'. Since when? And what is the basis of comparison? Had Mr Donnelly been in Cyprus, as I was, at the height of the EOKA campaign, he would have found the situation a great improvement, but perhaps less vivid and rewarding journalistically. Clearly Mr Donnelly spent too much of his lightning landing time in Cyprus government circles, which to the perceptive are more like a branch of the Conservative party than part of Her Majesty's civil service. He is too short-sighted and inexperienced as yet to know that denigration of preceding visitors is an old flattery technique in these circumstances. His turn next.

Meanwhile the greatest service that can be rendered in Cyprus is to strengthen confidence in Labour's good faith. To tell people who are prepared to believe that the National Executive means what it says that they are guilty of a 'misunderstanding' is a serious disloyalty to the Labour movement and an invitation to violence born of hopelessness.

Certainly I have never said that nothing should happen until Labour comes to power. Some of us spend more time than Mr Donnelly can condescend to spare in trying to persuade the present government to make constructive proposals. It is a pity to spend so much time—and so much of your space—in dealing with this bleeping, but it is important for the public here and in Cyprus to know that for the mass of our movement conference decisions and statements are valid, honest and binding.

LENA JEGER

House of Commons

ARAB SOCIALISM

SIR,—During the recent anti-colonial conference in Athens we took the opportunity to discuss with Mr Michel Aflek, the general secretary of the Baath Socialist Party, the question of Arab-Jewish relations. Arab Socialists, he told us, resent and deplore the fact that a large proportion of the national incomes of the Arab countries is devoted to military preparations instead of being used for measures urgently required to combat poverty and ill-health. They wish to be freed from political, economic and military pressures from both the power blocs; but they are also aware that a solution of the Arab-Israeli conflict is essential for peace.

Mr Aflek did not, of course, conceal his criticisms of Israel. Arab Socialists are acutely conscious of the tragic position of the million Palestinian refugees, who have bedevilled the politics and economies of their countries. They are bitter about the position of the Arab people in Israel who they allege exist as second-rate citizens. They oppose unlimited immigration into Israel as leading inevitably to Zionist expansion. They hold that the present policies of the Israeli government make that country an instrument of the imperialist powers. They cite the recent Suez war as an example. But, on the other hand, they do not limit themselves to recriminations. They recognise that if a Socialist movement is to be built in the Middle East a positive and progressive policy must be found.

The Baath Socialist Party does not believe that the problems of the Middle East can be solved on the basis of isolated nation states. The party itself has a membership irrespective of national boundaries. Its declared aim is a Middle East Socialist federation, controlling foreign policy and defence, but with considerable autonomy for the constituent countries.

Baathists accept the Jewish population as an integral part of the Middle East. They acknowledge that the Jewish people are there to stay, that they should form part of the Socialist federation.

They stress the fact that they are not anti-Jewish and they claim that the Arabs have shown tolerance towards religious and national minorities in their midst. They emphasise that they look at Arab-Jewish relations not as a racial question, but purely from the political and economic angle.

Our conclusions: It is often said that there are no progressive elements amongst the Arabs, that the Arab national movements are entirely controlled by reactionaries and feudalists, that those who call themselves Socialists misuse the name.

This is not our impression. We have no doubt of the Socialist sincerity of the members of the Baath Party whom we met at Athens. Whilst not necessarily accepting everything in their attitude, we believe the policy they outlined to us does provide the basis for conversations between Arab and Israeli Socialists, and we were assured that they would be ready to have discussions with those Israeli Socialists who find in this statement a basis for a common understanding.

For the sake of both peace and Socialism in the Middle East it is surely desirable that such discussions should take place.

LEON SZUR
FENNER BROCKWAY

374 Grays Inn Road
WC1

BOOKS IN GENERAL

O. Henry

O. HENRY is one of the many casualties of American literature. Original, inventive and prolific in his short stories, he is one of those writers of whom the critics say: Could have done better if he had tried. In his life and in his work there is a failure of the sense of responsibility. Chekhov's beginnings were just as difficult and commonplace as the American's. Like O. Henry, he began by writing crude comic sketches for popular papers, and had to be fished out of vulgar employ by discerning editors; but whereas O. Henry perfected only his craft, Chekhov (like all great artists) strenuously perfected himself as a means of seeing and feeling his subjects. Chekhov grew; O. Henry copied himself. Chekhov was concerned to write less and better. O. Henry certainly worked hard, but rather in the Puritan way that finds in work of any kind a drugging or redemption in itself. The result is that behind the laughter of O. Henry's caricatures and the wit of his invention, there is a sensation of moral exhaustion and personal lassitude.

O. Henry was a modest, fastidious, impenetrable character. He was enclosed, furtive and evasive. The fact is he was shut in by an amiable and undisquieting alcoholism; his secret was that he had served a prison sentence of three years for embezzlement. These two matters were symptoms rather than causes of much earlier cooling-off from life. Born in North Carolina in 1862, he grew up in the bad period of the South. To his credit he never became a professional Southerner. His father was a drunken, popular and unqualified doctor who rarely collected his fees and who neglected his family; the mother died when O. Henry was three. He was brought up by an aunt. He had almost no education, but sat around in the town pharmacy picking up stories, drawing caricatures of people and getting a reputation as an amateur actor. He was sent off to a ranch in Texas where everyone was amused by him but where he showed no sign of wanting to be or do anything. A shrewd relation later said he had no heart – not meaning that he was cold or cruel, but simply that he was passive, without capacity for gratitude, and emotionally listless. He was sent back to work in a pharmacy once more – hence the flow of stories about quack doctors, philtres and pills which are among his funniest – and eventually in a bank.

The bank was slackly run. Later critics have done research into the accounts and have not been able to make head or tail of them. The books were regularly cooked by the clerks who borrowed and repaid as they could for their drinking and gambling debts. O. Henry followed the general practice, partly because he was harassed by the illness of his young, consumptive wife, partly to finance a satirical magazine he had founded. He was unlucky. He was caught. His defenders say that he was either borrowing in the usual way, or that he was the victim of a more serious sinner; he might have escaped prosecution if he had not stupidly run away to Honduras in the middle of the scandal, leaving his wife on her death bed. Conscience brought him back. He got three years.

Mr Gerald Langford's new biography, *Alias O. Henry**, goes thoroughly into this confusing story. He finds it just as hard to make up his mind about O. Henry's guilt or innocence as others have done. O. Henry himself was evasive and self-contradictory; protesting his innocence, and yet clearly having no notion that what he was ready to admit displayed some kind of guilt. His attitude was ambiguous; and this ambiguity provides half the comedy of his tales of grafters and frauds. When the man becomes the artist, we see him converting what is a painful failure to face reality into low garrulous poetry of cunning and trickery. He becomes a fabulist. This is among the oldest delights of popular story-telling. O. Henry's enormous success with the great public does not depend on his shallowness and sentimentality, but on his sharing the common pleasure in watching people do each other down, in the out-smarting of the market. In his life, after he came out of gaol, O. Henry added incompetence to innocence. He shared Balzac's need of debt as a stimulus to work. He borrowed money incorrigibly and continuously, even when he was highly paid; he spent it or, rather, gave it away, absurdly. There are stories of him giving tips in restaurants many times larger than the bills. There is a drifting, indifferent quality in this carelessness. He was not the arrogant borrower; he was cringing, promising, sentimental, almost sobbing. We have the impression of a gentle, dandyish, pleasantly pickled man stuck in a dream and who soothed himself, when he woke up, by occasional fits of theatrical sentimentality.

O. Henry's earliest stories were written in prison. He emerged with a natural feeling for the lonely, the underdog and the rogue; also with a desire, not for security and affection, but for anonymity. For many writers the edge and freedom of the anonymous life have been indispensable. The security of his second marriage was intolerable to him. He was just the man to be lost with advantage in the streets of New York. He became domesticated to the backrooms of small hotels, the pavements, doorways, cheap bars, park seats of the city. He was a dedicated night wanderer – the habit was partly responsible for the breakdown of his second marriage. He hated literary society, preferring to talk with the shop girls, tarts, bar props and others who gave him his material. He was protected by his fastidiousness and by his work from the waste of literary Bohemianism. But, as Mr Langford says, when he attacked the sterility of literary company, he was not altogether sincere. Literary society is often sterile and too much of it is fatal, above all to short-story writers who use up their material more quickly than any other kind of writer. O. Henry needed the streets and the bars. But literary society of the right kind might have given O. Henry the impetus to go beyond the commonplace limitations of his work, to resist the downhill tendency of his talent. Occasional stories, like *An Unfinished Story* or *A Municipal Report* show how it was well within his powers to go deeper than contrivance and anecdotal trickery. Clearly he felt exposed without them, but he could have been given the courage.

The sudden extinction of O. Henry's fame after 1910 is saddening but natural. By the Twenties a major literary movement had begun in the United States, and O. Henry was lost in the journalistic and characterless period that preceded it. He belongs to the vernacular tradition, though H. L. Mencken thought he perverted it with false and ornate Broadway-ese. Yet the hostile critics, I think, are merely copying each other when they damn O. Henry for his use of coincidence and for snap-endings that trick the reader. (The trick was, in any case, part of the gaiety.) The hostile forget that O. Henry's virtue is his speed of narrative; it moves forward freely; it jumps with confidence. He is economical and at home in his tale.

This technical proficiency of O. Henry's is in itself delightful because it has the attraction of daring and impudence. His gaudy phraseology, his colliding metaphors, his brilliant malapropisms are not always in excess. We can at once picture the woman in *Telemachus, Friend* who would have 'tempted an anchovy to forget his vows' and who had an air of welcome about her that 'seemed to mitigate her vicinity'; we see her, after supper, when her two lovers find her, 'with a fresh pink dress on and cool enough to handle'. The low comedy of courtship is a traditional subject, and in handling it O. Henry brought the American talent for using metaphors grotesquely wide of the mark. He had the important comic gift of capping a good joke with an even more powerful riposte to it. In *Telemachus, Friend*, for example, we are not only told the wrong method of seizing a lady's hand – 'Some men grab it so much like they was going to set a dislocation of the shoulder' – but we are told the right method which begins with splendid sentences, straight out of the Mark Twain tradition:

> I'll tell you the right way. Did you ever see a man sneak out of the backyard and pick up a rock to throw at a tom-cat that was sitting on a fence looking at him. He pretends he hasn't got a thing in his hand, and that the cat don't see him and that he don't see the cat.

A great deal of O. Henry is hilarious, schoolboy stuff on the surface. He has not the polish or the maturity of a writer like W. W. Jacobs, but he has a far greater range. He has the blessed American gifts of economy and boldness in comic writing; the gift also of bouncing the reader. When we object to his exaggeration and caricature, we should discriminate. The impulse is fundamental to American folk comedy and corresponds to the native and traditional sense of the tall and fabulous. Much of American comedy consists of bluffing and counter-bluffing fantasy: the duke and king episode in *Huckle-*

* *Alias O. Henry: A biography of William Sidney Porter.* By GERALD LANGFORD. *Macmillan.* 35s.

berry Finn, for example. This quality comes out very strongly in O. Henry's Texan stories which – after excepting his masterpiece *The Municipal Report* – seem to me his richest. I think of the cowboy who marries a cattle queen who bosses him and is called a 'two spot' and a 'prince consort'.

> 'It's a title,' explained Baldy, 'up among the picture cards; but it don't take no tricks. Its a brand they've got for certain animals in Europe. Say that you or me or one of them Dutch dukes marries in a Royal family. Well, by and by, our wife gets to be a queen. Now are we a king? Not in a million years. At the coronation ceremonies we march between little casino and the Ninth Grand Custodian of the Royal Hall Bedchamber.'

Mr Langford makes much of O. Henry's statement (made in his last year when he was planning to write a novel) that writers do not tell the truth. It is inferred that O. Henry was beginning to see through the haze in which he lived his stunned life and was about to face realities he had avoided. He was infantile about money, he was puritanical about sex: he disliked being compared with Maupassant who was a 'filthy writer'. We cannot imagine what O. Henry's 'truth' would have been, but we can guess that it would have been the end of him as a comic writer. It is fatal for the comics to resolve their problems; their only salvation lies in improving their jokes. Only serious writers seem to be able to get away, sometimes, with living above their moral means. It is unjust, but there it is.

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Ghost

He died a year ago
And months of quiet have made
Him tall as air

Whose speech was like a root
Groping and grey. Each sun
Tolls him awake.

He was enclosed in wood,
Hushed into crumbling; smooth
Graining of ribs

Showed where the life had lain.
The sawing light caught no more
On knotted blood.

But he escaped through paths
Of soil and worm and stone
To fidget like a tree

Over this house, and all
The leaves that flew are tamed
On to his hand.

PATRICIA BEER

Round the Georgian Mulberry Bush

George III and the Historians. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Collins.* 21*s.*

The controversy over the place of King George III in constitutional history, and over the intentions with which he came to the throne, is one of the most celebrated mulberry-bushes in modern British historiography: historians began going round it in 1802, and are still going strong. Professor Butterfield, whose studies of historiography have been, perhaps, the most valuable and interesting part of his work, has now surveyed their procession round this mulberry-bush, beginning with Doddington's diary and ending with Sir Lewis Namier and his school, whom he treats as having spoken the last word, up to date, on this subject. The first two-thirds of this book deal with Sir Lewis's predecessors, ending with Winstanley in 1912. This is, in some ways, the most interesting part of the book, though it probably will not catch the eye of those who, like Mr John Raymond, are waiting gleefully to see Professor Butterfield ambushed by Namierites and his blood spilt on the untrodden snow of Minden.

Of Sir Lewis Namier himself, Professor Butterfield does not write ungenerously. If one were to make an anthology of the passages of direct and open praise, it would make a fine bouquet which any historian would be proud to receive. Towards the end of the book, however, Professor Butterfield appears to heat himself somewhat, and a series of disconnected sections, each charging the Namier school with a specific heresy, negligence, or malpractice, has almost the air of fault-finding.

He argues that the Namier school has somewhat unduly neglected its predecessors. I agree with him that it was odd, or even wrong, of Mr Brooke to write as though Winstanley had never existed, and imprudent of Dr Owen to ignore Vaucher. Even Sir Lewis himself would, perhaps, have been better advised to specify the names and the errors of his predecessors instead of denouncing them in general terms. But I think that Professor Butterfield somewhat overrates the importance of this accusation, for he forgets that his own preoccupation with historiography, though legitimate and useful, is not, and need not be, the preoccupation of every practising historian. The average historian is not primarily concerned to define his own position in the development of historiography, but rather to state the conclusions which appear to him to be dictated by his evidence. When he cites his predecessors, he only cites them as evidence, and, if they have no evidence to give, he may even think (and so may his readers) that to drag in their opinions might look like ostentation, or confuse the description or narrative upon which he is engaged. More especially is this so when the historian believes that he has before him all the evidence that his predecessors had, and a great deal more besides. I think that Professor Butterfield, absorbed in the conflict and development of opinions, attaches too much importance to the question who first stated an opinion, or stated it correctly, and not enough to the question of the evidence for the opinions we now have. Thus he sometimes treats Adolphus as though he had been a Gibbon or a Maitland, as though the question was, 'does such and such a historian adhere to, or dissent from, the opinions of Adolphus?' But Adolphus, though a sensible man, was a historian of very ordinary merit with hardly any evidence at his disposal. Likewise Professor Butterfield reproaches Sir Lewis Namier and his disciples with taking too little account of the 'breezy' article which Temperley wrote in *The Cambridge Modern History* in 1909. Temperley made some good generalisations and some clever guesses, but I doubt if he had, by modern standards, much evidence for them. When Sir Lewis Namier had finished his scrutiny of the Newcastle papers in the British Museum, he must have felt like a scientist who had examined through a microscope a drop of water which most of his predecessors had described without any such aid. He could not be expected to think of himself primarily as ranged under the banner of any one of them. This does not excuse neglect of Von Ruville or of Winstanley, who had used the microscope too. But it does, I think, explain why Sir Lewis and his disciples do not concern themselves much with the relation between their own opinions and those of Adolphus, who could not have used it, or Temperley, who probably did not use it.

Professor Butterfield also charges this school with giving us too little narrative, or narrative of the wrong kind. Certainly, when a new theme is injected, or an old theme injected with new force, into a historical discussion, narrative should ultimately result from it, but it is always a question, at what stage such a theme should be given the narrative form which hardens it, inevitably, into an orthodoxy, and we cannot expect, or perhaps even wish, that the first pioneers should try to do this too quickly. Perhaps also the narrative of this school might have been broader in its interests. When Sir Lewis Namier describes the Duke of Newcastle's reaction to the peace-making of 1762, he treats the negotiations themselves as though they were hardly his business. When Mr Brooke discusses the manœuvres of the parliamentary groups in 1766-8, he tells us far too little about Wilkes, or about the American and Indian problems with which the group in office had to deal; and it would not be a sufficient excuse to say that other historians have done it for him. But here too Professor Butterfield seems to me to press his charge too far and, once more, to neglect the question of evidence. He is reacting against the historians who only tell what they heard from the horse's mouth: it is, indeed, a mistake to substitute what the horse said about the race for the race itself. But the horse's evidence, though not the only evidence, is much the best, especially

when what we are discussing is the character and intentions of the horse. Professor Butterfield shows a tendency to prefer inferior evidence to better, when he complains that not enough is made of the parliamentary reports (which are few and unreliable) and when he discusses George III's intentions in terms of what interested parties advised him to do, or what friendly pamphleteers said he was doing, rather than what he said about it himself.

RICHARD PARES

Showdown

The General Strike. By JULIAN SYMONS. *Cresset.* 21s.

From a comfortable mid-Victorian vantage point Bagehot once declared that it was almost impossible for his generation to believe that there had ever been a Massacre of Peterloo or Six Acts on the statute book. Many mid-twentieth century reactions to the General Strike of 1926 are somewhat similar. It is not difficult to understand what Beatrice Webb rather patronisingly called the elements of 'proletarian distemper' in 1926, but the brassy language of the *British Gazette*, the unrestrained *joie de vivre* of many of the young strike-breaking volunteers, the dishonest twaddle of J. H. Thomas and the sanctimoniously solemn references to the threatened British Constitution recall a lost world—a faulty political system and an obsolete society. The shabbiness of that society and its blindness to its economic ills stand out in retrospect, and to those whose active memories do not go back as far as 1926 there are many features of the domestic background of the General Strike (humbug as well as horror) which are at least as repellent as the social and political atmosphere of the Great War of 1914-18. So much effort was wasted, so much stupidity was displayed, so much 'leadership' was inept, or, even worse, vapid and pompous.

Mr Symons has written his book at the right time. It recaptures the alignments and shifting moods of the General Strike before they get buried in legend. Well contrived and fascinating to read, it carefully explores both the big and the little themes of 1926 and states the contentious issues lucidly and fairly. We not only watch the story unfold in London, but in important provincial cities like Newcastle. We not only observe the 'leaders' but catch glimpses of Lord Winterton in Reading Gaol, Lady Louis Mountbatten at the telephones of the *Daily Express*, Ramsay MacDonald loftily claiming to be 'hourly in conference regarding settlement of the strike', Sir John Anderson and Sir Horace Wilson hovering in the background. If there are shades of 1914-18 there are occasional hints of the 1930s, even a few pointers to the 1950s. In telling the story and analysing its main elements Mr Symons skilfully criticises some of the inflated paragraphs in the autobiographies of great men 'who were there on the spot'. The far more valuable personal reminiscences of 'ordinary' men and women who saw the strike in very different perspectives from the Cabinet or from the General Council of the TUC are drawn upon to weave a whole social fabric.

Finally, Mr Symons has made full use of the TUC archives, demonstrating from them quite clearly the failure of the TUC adequately to prepare for an 'industrial crisis', its confusion of purpose, its underlying fear of 'revolutionary agitators' controlling the tide of events, its emphasis on centralisation while the strike was in

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progress, and its eagerness to allow each union to make its own separate arrangements with employers when the strike was declared over, its misrepresentation of the miners' position, and its misreading of its own statistics about the intensity of rank-and-file enthusiasm for a continuation of the struggle. Mr Symons explains rather than condemns, and it is difficult to quarrel with his considered judgment that the inadequacies of the TUC derived from their views of society (some of which they shared with Baldwin) rather than from any desire to mislead or to betray. 'A General Strike can be used only as a political, indeed a revolutionary, instrument; and for such a use the General Council and the great majority of strikers were not prepared.'

The most interesting social phenomenon described in this book – at least to a mid-twentieth-century observer – is not the mental confusion of the TUC, the solidarity of much provincial trade unionism, the refusal to budge of Herbert Smith or even the verbal violence of A. J. Cook, but the grim determination of many employers and of certain significant persons in the Cabinet to have a 'showdown' with organised labour. The economics of showdown were blanketed in rhetoric about threats to the Constitution, but the psychology of showdown was much the same then as now. There are four big differences in the context now and then – far more mature trade unions, a stronger parliamentary Labour Party, a decade of experience of a Welfare State, and a far more general recognition that long-term economic problems are not solved by the methods adopted in 1926; but the willingness to dream of a showdown has not disappeared. For all the superficial remoteness of the General Strike there is a topical note in this book which adds to its spice.

ASA BRIGGS

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

New Short Stories

The Habit of Loving. By DORIS LESSING. *MacGibbon & Kee*. 15*s*.

Among the Dahlias. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth Press*. 15*s*.

Last Tales. By ISAK DINESEN (BARONESS BLIXEN). *Putnam*. 18*s*.

Intuitive writers often don't know what they are writing about, in the sense that, asked for the reason for some wild sorrow or pleasure, some tortuous personal relationship which they have put into their books, they would be hard up for a reply. If they could have written it on a postcard, they would have put it there: what their intuition tells them is right, and that is all they know. Such intuition is a rare gift, much more so when matched with a cool analytical intelligence; the former irradiates the latter, the latter keeps the former from getting out of hand.

I was worried about Doris Lessing's *Martha Quest* series, partly because the heroine was treated with so conscientious a harshness, so honorable a lack of self-indulgence that she gave the impression of being a repellent person; and partly because the discipline of an overtly political framework destroyed a great deal of the writer's intuitive flexibility. With these short stories, under the title *The Habit of Loving*, I am no longer in any doubt whatsoever that Mrs Lessing is one of the best writers in England, male or female.

There are seventeen stories in the book, two pretty long and the rest fairly short. The title story is about an ageing theatrical rake who marries a young actress. His heart is broken when, after an affair with a partner younger than herself (Mrs Lessing, mistress of the intuitive art of knowing-and-not-knowing, merely lets us sense what the trouble is), she decides to grow old ungracefully and with brutality. The gulf between the generations today has never been more remorselessly explored; it is not simply observed, it is felt in the bone. In *The Day Stalin Died*, Mrs Lessing startles by being funny. It is, at bottom, a sad, even an elegiac story, and nobody ought to laugh at the misery of poor Comrade Jean; but how grimly funny – it's no good, one *must* laugh – it all is!

Mrs Lessing, who appears to be abandoning the *littérature engagée* for the *littérature engagée dans la vie*, has never written better nor shown so fully the range of her literary capacities. She is not one of those political writers who has reneged on her fundamental beliefs. Such modifications as they have undergone have strengthened, not weakened, her humanist outlook, with the result that she no longer has to strain herself to put these beliefs over. They have become part of her nature rather than merely a part of her social conscience; and she is at liberty now to demonstrate that whatever is true, whether it is about love or pain or pleasure, is part of the whole truth, and not merely some trivial personal indulgence lying outside it.

The curious flavour of Mr William Sansom's stories of blood and sunlight, of fat women sexily ageing in pink rooms, treed cats on mornings 'wild, glassy . . . all winds and glitter', remains unadulterated. He is a literary man who has the horrors gorgeously, and likes to savour them. His aim is to communicate, through the medium of a packed, elaborate, sometimes laboured and sometimes dashingly successful style, a mescalin dream. His stories all have a point of some sort, in some cases a sharp one: but in the anæsthetic welter of images the prick of that point is often ineffectual. One ought to say 'Ow!' but doesn't. He paints in brilliant colours, and they all clash: it is a weakness – because they blind the reader; and a strength – because nobody else, for good or bad, paints just like that. The best story is the one about the man who, quietly strolling in the Zoo, meets with an escaped lion: and finds, in the depth of a humiliation almost worse than the preceding depth of fear, that even a lion draws the line at him. This is an observation of the bizarre mental conflict that may spring upon a man when he least expects it, a horrid chemical freak engendered by the fusion of two unlikely emotions. Mr Sansom is, indeed, better when he is examining an abstraction of this kind than when he is trying, as in the story *Outburst*, to justify the isolated incident.

I cannot help feeling that his work would gain a great deal in depth if he gave some thought to the principle of the 'rest period'. To write at exactly the same pitch, and with the same kind of intensity of *everything* that happens in a novel or story, whatever its degree of importance to the development of narrative, character or theme, is to put too great a strain upon the reader, who becomes so strung up that he tends to miss the really significant statement when it is reached. Joyce Cary's best work, *The Horse's Mouth*, is flawed by the absence of rest periods; Dickens the most vigorous, rhetorical and graphic of writers, used them with absolute mastery.

When I was eighteen or so, and not in the habit of analysing what I read, I got hold of *Seven Gothic Tales*, by Isak Dinesen (Baroness Blixen). I had read no more of her work until a week ago, when *Last Tales* came to hand. I picked the book up with great interest, wanting to see whether an adolescent impression would be deepened or done away with; I had always had Baroness Blixen in my mind as the writer who just missed it.

In spite of Mr John Davenport's imaginative essay (which is enclosed with the book) which I have read with pleasure and respect, I remain unconverted. We should not, he warns us, compare her with Fr Rolfe: yet *Tales that Toto Told me* kept coming into my mind whenever Barbey d'Aurevilly went out of it. Her 'grand dandyism' has, he suggests, kinship with Barbey and with Villiers de l'Isle Adam: that seems to be true. Though she lacks the conciseness of the former, she has something of the harsh and grandiose tang: she has a strong touch of the 'let down' of Villiers (I can think of only one of the *Contes Cruelles* that is free from it) but is less good at sticking to the point. Her imagery is her triumph: and this is often startling. It does achieve grandeur, it does, very nearly, bring the trick off. It redeems the story of the gigantic Scots noblewoman of vertiginous pride, who kissed St Peter's foot and got VD for her pains, almost completely: but not entirely. The other stories ramble to a quite prodigious degree. Indeed, nothing about Baroness Blixen is less than prodigious, her faults, unhappily, included. She rarely has an idea that is not an important one: but before she is halfway through expounding it she strays off into a petrified forest of other ideas, which seem to distract her attention entirely from the matter originally in hand; and when she does come to the point of the story, appears almost to have forgotten what it was. Her work has the dignity not of the petty, but of the monolithic, literary curiosity: and if I suggest that Fr Rolfe's work was not petty either, I may absolve myself from *lèse-baronne* in making the comparison.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Harry Johnston's History

Sir Harry Johnston and the Scramble for Africa. By ROLAND OLIVER. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s.*

When I first heard of this book I wondered why Dr Roland Oliver, who has done so much to further the study of African history, should choose to spend his time on a theme in the margins of British diplomatic and imperial history. Now that I have read the book I see the point. Sir Harry Johnston was a remarkable man, who entered, at critical moments and in decisive ways, the histories of several African territories. His biography makes an admirable companion, or counterblast, to Miss Margery Perham's even more substantial life of Lugard: two great imperial entrepreneurs, but, while for Lugard empire-building was fortified by Christian faith, Johnston was a nineteenth-century rationalist who saw himself as an agent of the evolutionary process. Lugard, in spite of early conflicts with authority, was accepted as a 'gentleman', and worked his passage to the Establishment. Johnston, intellectually much the abler of the two, was regarded by the dispensers of patronage as a vulgar, aggressive, journalistic little man, and eased unkindly out of public life at 43.

Harry Johnston was the son of a prosperous London insurance agent, an adherent of the 'Irvingites', who (like the Kitawala in the Belgian Congo) 'lived in daily expectation of a Second Coming', when the Saints – in other words the Irvingites – would rule the earth. Harry revolted against this doctrine – to the extent of substituting the partition of savage Africa by civilised Europe for the Second Coming, with the British in the role of the Saints. He early began to organise his unusual combination of talents – for naturalistic painting, for botany and zoology, for the collection and classification of languages, and for quick, vivid writing – around a single focus, Africa. It was on a visit to Tunis, at the age of 21, on the eve of the French coup, where he painted furiously, dabbled in French pressure politics, and wrote articles for the *Globe*, that he made up his mind: the expansion of European frontiers throughout Africa was now on the agenda of human history, and he wanted to take part in it. For the next twenty years he participated, exuberantly: first as an independent explorer and journalist in Angola and the Congo, where he made friends with Stanley, but remained uncommitted to the Stanley-Leopold combination; then as a scientific frontiersman on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro; then as Vice-Consul for the Oil Rivers and Cameroons. Back in England in 1888, he became an unofficial adviser to Lord Salisbury on 'the partition of Africa question'; and it was a good deal Salisbury's backing that enabled him to make his way, via the modest-sounding office of Consul at Mozambique, to the dignity of Commissioner and Consul-General for Mozambique, Nyasaland, and the British sphere north of the Zambesi – a job which involved him in a curious ambiguous relationship of dependence and independence, co-operation and conflict, with Rhodes and the South Africa Company. Effectively he constructed the administrative framework for modern Nyasaland: just as in his last official post, as Special Commissioner for Uganda, by his 1900 Buganda Agreement he defined the complicated pattern of political relationships between the Buganda State and the British Administration, which lasted half a century – until Sir Andrew Cohen, the Kabaka, the Lukiko, the Uganda National Congress, and Sir Keith Hancock took it to pieces and put it together again.

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A profoundly interesting, many-sided, self-contradictory man: ambitious, but without the illness should attend it – incapable of making the kind of polite noises that assist promotion, and unable to resist writing the kind of egoistic, irreverent despatches that annoyed most of the good and the great; with a flamboyant story-teller's tendency to mix up fact and fiction, but equally capable of painstaking, exact scientific description – of peoples, institutions, economic processes, vocabularies, birds, beasts, and flowers – so that his massive output of books is still a quarry for Africanists in every field; an imperialist by conviction and calling, who could talk the language of Jingoism, yet convinced, particularly as he grew older (following the logic of his evolutionary faith), that the 'Backward races, the once decrepit nations, have travelled far in intellectuality since the middle of the nineteenth century, and that the continuance of an insulting policy towards them will join them some day in a vast league against Europe and America.'

The value of Dr Roland Oliver's book is not merely that it is a scholarly, sympathetic account of the man in relation to his time. It also makes one think. I was interested to find that Harry Johnston as a young man visited the same 'delicious densely wooded scenery of the Majerda mountains', in eastern Algeria, as I visited last summer, and slept in the same kind of 'clean airy booths built by the Algerian soldiers' as I slept in. He chose to help the movement to extend French power in North Africa; I, seventy-five years later, chose to help the movement to expel it. According to Harry Johnston's philosophy of history, we were both, I suppose, simply agents of a quasi-divine Evolutionary Process. I have doubts about this.

THOMAS HODGKIN

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This hilarious history of a household dominated by a family of Siamese cats is the perfect Christmas gift. 'The funniest book about cats I have ever read.'—*Michael Joseph*. Illus. by Maurice Wilson. Nov.30, 15s.

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ELEK BOOKS

Generals

Courage and other Broadcasts. By SIR WILLIAM SLIM. *Cassell*. 13s. 6d.

The Commander: a Study of his Art. By SIR IAN HAMILTON. *Hollis & Carter*. 15s.

Why, one sometimes wonders, are not novelists and thinkers more interested in the splendours and miseries of military life? Contemporary writers see it as an ordeal to be suffered or at best as an adventure to be described; seldom if ever as a realm of human experience to be analysed and explored. Only one young novelist has recently attempted to treat it as such – Mr James Kennaway in his admirable *Tunes of Glory*. Otherwise the antics of those so courteously dubbed by Mr John Osborne 'the idiot heroes' are left to the writers of adventure stories, and our serious literature is the poorer as a result.

Yet heroism, however idiotic, is a fascinating form of behaviour. Take for example the two very great soldiers whose books are under review. One could hardly find two more different personalities. Sir William Slim is a Saxon; slow, thick-set, straightforward, a man in whom a natural simplicity and a long habit of command have made for a strength of character such as no other profession can ever quite mould. He makes very obvious comments on such very obvious virtues as courage and loyalty and self-sacrifice; but he is able to make them movingly and without platitude because for him they are not copy-book maxims learned by rote and unthinkingly purveyed, but personal conclusions reached by hard thinking and calamitous experience. This collection of broadcast speeches may remind the *blasé* of school speech-days, but it will be of those rare speech-days when even the æsthetes of the Sixth were held rapt by a voice whose simple strength echoed something of the Icelandic sagas:

> Yes, sorrow there must be, and pride there should be, but let us find comfort in what they achieved for us and for our children. Never believe that they gave their lives in vain. That could only be if we, for whom they secured so much, should fail them . . .

The æsthetes will go back to their Leopardi and their Proust, but words such as these, spoken by a man such as this, will touch depths in them unplumbed by either.

Soldiers like Sir William Slim are not, fortunately, unusual. Those like Sir Ian Hamilton are unfortunately rarer. Hamilton was a Celt: gay, mercurial, poetic, a d'Artagnan about whom there was something of that curious self-mockery for which the Americans have coined, in a totally different connection, the word 'camp'. Behind all the warrior's panache which he bore with such elegant gallantry there was a slight glint which at times makes one wonder whether he did not really think the whole thing a lot of nonsense. He captivated both Lord Roberts, himself a man of legendary simplicity and charm, and the awe-inspiring, tongue-tied Kitchener. One day Hamilton's life will be written, and an enthralling book it will be. For the moment we must be content with such rare glimpses of self-revelation as we find in this brief posthumous work. What he has to say here about himself is incidental to a study of the generals under whom he served, and that study is itself incidental to his central query: what qualities go to make a successful commander, and especially a successful commander of the complicated mechanism that constitutes a modern army? There were the old 'personal' commanders like Roberts and French and (surprisingly) Buller; all, in spite of widely varying abilities, adored by their men. There was something about these generals which made it almost a privilege to die for them; something that we can sense also in Sir William Slim, but perhaps not in Hamilton himself. Such magnetism could easily be communicated in a small regular force. But how, in a twentieth-century army, could it seep down through the dreary hierarchy of Army and Corps and Division to the groups of conscripts who have to do the fighting and who would far rather go home? Confronted by such a problem, the personal touch of a French broke down. It seemed, in 1914-18, as if only the technicians of war, great staff-officers like Ludendorff and Haig, felt at home; commanders adept at controlling the huge machine but utterly remote from the men they had to send by the thousand to their deaths. Only Foch showed himself able to solve the problem and send the waves of his electric personality tingling down the channels of command to nerve the humblest *poilu* in the forward trench. And by then it was almost too late.

If the Second World War was more tolerable for the men who fought it than was the first, it was partly because the commanders had learned to see this problem for what it was and took steps to solve it. Armies, especially armies of civilian conscripts, needed great captains they could love and trust as well as technicians who could feed and move them; how useless the one was without the other a generation of young men had rotted in the mud of France to show. War is hell, but great leadership may make it just tolerable – as well as make it short.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Puir Wee Scotland

Scotland the Brave. By IAIN HAMILTON. *Michael Joseph*. 16s.

We shall all now be able to enjoy the exceptionally enjoyable childhood of Mr Iain Hamilton and to share with him the vicissitudes of his schooldays. He describes with tenderness and discreet humour the first 17 years of his life. They were spent on the outskirts of Glasgow, between Renfrew (which he calls Renferry) and Paisley (which he calls St Mirren). Why he should resort to such slight disguises is beyond me, especially since much more intimate details are frankly pin-pointed. (I can, for example, recognise the cinema to which he accompanied his grandparents on Saturdays.)

His grandparents dominate the book, since Mr Hamilton was brought up in the absence of his own father. Aunts and uncles, mother and cousins, do indeed make desultory appearances, but it is the imaginative and unshockable Highland grandfather whose influence permeates the consciousness of the child, converting it to a graceful romanticism. As a counter to this, there are realistic descriptions of school. Both my mind and my body still bear scars that confirm the authenticity of these accounts of the brutality of some Glasgow schoolchildren and of the helplessness of their teachers.

Apart from his scrapes with juvenile savages, Mr Hamilton seems to have met with universal sympathy. All adults, even those Lowland ones who reprimanded him with Calvinistic ferocity, were completely fair. If they were not quite angels, they were certainly on the side of the angels; none of the real tragedies of childhood ever

occurred; and most readers will blink with envy—or, like myself, with disbelief.

Adults represent authority to a child, and it is hardly surprising that the ubiquitous graciousness of these early authorities should have led Mr Hamilton to an abject acceptance of all later ones. His modesty in the face of some of them is positively obstreperous, one might almost call it bumptious.

> Here I must go cautiously, choosing my words with a carefulness which amounts to clumsiness, not only because I am writing of what must be, after all, a most common experience in childhood, and one, furthermore, which great poets have celebrated, but also because I have no wish to inflate. . . .

Thus he succeeds is prostrating himself before the reader, the common man, the great poets, and so on, while still 'inflating' himself 'clumsily' with the notion that they were all really talking about the same thing—which they were not. This particular matter 'can scarcely be mentioned at all outside the artificial context of art', and Mr Hamilton wouldn't pretend to be an artist. Oh, no, never, but he'll still mention 'the matter'.

Mr Hamilton is not the only subject of this book: there is also Scotland. Puir wee Scotland, it is quite dwarfed by its modest admirer. The dialect is of the kind that will sound Scottish to Englishmen and to Canadians. The Lowlands and the Highlands are differentiated by the usual clichés—a minatory woman and an understanding man. Nationalism is seen as an adolescent infatuation with tartan and Lallans. Not a single matter of any importance is discussed. The great Depression depresses nobody. Hitler is not heard of. Poetry becomes 'a private pleasure', to be sulked over slothfully. (Even the name of MacDiarmid, to say nothing of Henryson, is absent.) Only those who have been brought up in Scotland will understand how bad a book this is.

BURNS SINGER

'Wonne with a Nut'

The Descent of Euphues. Edited by JAMES WINNY. *Cambridge.* 16*s.*

This book easily qualifies for inclusion among what Graham Greene calls 'the iron rations of the learned man'. Yet Mr Winny has done Lyly some service by setting *Euphues* next to two of its derivatives—Robert Greene's *Pandosto* (the original of *The Winter's Tale*) and James Chettle's *Piers Plainness*. It helps us to see just how good Lyly was at his particular brand of cussedness. To read Lyly for the story is, as Mr Winny says, to invite exasperation. But when it comes to keeping up the flow of analogy, antithesis, assonance and alliteration, Lyly leaves Greene and Chettle at the post.

And Lyly did write well. Read him aloud and see how he improves. However loaded the sentence, however convoluted the wit, there is always rhythm, balance and clarity. The antitheses may be often false and at times a little too homely—'if he perceive thee to be wonne with a Nut, he will imagine that thou wilt be lost with an Apple'—but Lyly is always more finished, more 'witty' than Greene—'Doe what you can, but no more than you may; least in saving Fawnias maidenhead, you loose you own head'. Greene didn't really care for Euphuism. He had a good story to tell and wanted to get on with it. What gives him an added occasional charm is that although he is re-telling an imported romance, the Elizabethan keeps breaking through. The cup-bearer, for instance, refuses to poison the visiting king, 'either being

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MACDONALD

of a good conscience, or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloody request'. In Greene's story, by the way, no one makes an exit pursued by a bear. That, and Hermione's return to life, were Shakespeare's own additions to *The Winter's Tale*. Chettle had few virtues of his own and *Piers Plainness*, an oil-and-water mixture of Euphuism and the early Spanish picaresque novel, is the least readable of the three.

The Descent of Euphues will appeal above all to the word-collector and the phrase-collector. It will give him a thrill to find this textbook example of semantic change: 'I brought thee upp lyke a cockney and thou hast handled mee lyke a cockescombe'; to find an oddity: 'demand the cause of his dumps'; to surprise some of today's idioms in their fuller Elizabethan dress: 'Certeinely hee is lyke to make hys reckoninge twise, bicause hee reconeth without hys hostesse'. Proverbs and colloquialisms gave muscle to Elizabethan prose and we can regret the passing of some of them: 'when the Foxe preacheth the Geese perishe'; 'linch on the parsons side' (deprive of a chance of marriage); 'though Kings Sonnes daunce in nets, they may not be seene: but poore mens faultes are spyed at a little hole'. Here Mr Winny lets us down. His glossary is skimpy and patronising. It tells us that 'quesie' means queasy and that 'saw' means proverb, but it doesn't tell us what Lucilla means when she says, 'Truely Euphues you have miste the cushion'. Musical chairs?

V. S. NAIPAUL

Mountain Hero

Gervasutti's Climbs. By GIUSTO GERVASUTTI. Trans. NEA MORIN and JANET ADAM SMITH. *Hart-Davis.* 30s.

Most dashing of the pioneers of modern rock-climbing technique, the Italian Giusto Gervasutti is to the younger British climbers of today a special hero. His climbing career began about 1930 in the Dolomites, and ended in 1946 when he fell to his death while roping down from an attempted new route on Mont Blanc de Tacul. He was the finest Alpine climber of his generation. Yet in his lifetime he was little regarded by contemporary British climbers. The 1930s were the period when Continental climbers vied for the first ascent of the two notorious north faces, the Grandes Jorasses and the Eiger, and Gervasutti was one of the competitors. The British 'Establishment', ignorant and isolationist, branded them all as reckless nationalists of no account. But when in 1937 Gervasutti was requested by the Italian Alpine Club on political grounds to break his climbing partnership with the Frenchman Lucien Devies, he refused, saying that he climbed for his own pleasure, not for national prestige. Nor was he reckless. Risks inherent in climbs of the highest difficulty he would accept, willingly and with pride; but not unnecessary risks like those of bad weather. A fanatic for climbing, he was never a fanatic for the particular climb. Perhaps that was why, though the best climber of them all, he was forestalled in the race for the great north walls. Once they were climbed, he wrote, 'mountaineering once more became a personal and individual affair, and a new route the private creation of the climber'. Gervasutti's own approach to climbing was intensely personal, and the new routes he made in this spirit are among the finest in the Alps.

This book is his testament, first published in Italy just after his death and now most happily translated into English. It is first a record of thrilling climbs, thrillingly told; but it is also a record of the man himself. In the challenge and action of difficult climbing he found unique exhilaration and fulfilment.

> The thought of approaching action aroused strange and contradictory sensations in me. I felt an immense pity for all the little men who toiled on in the prison which society has succeeded in building against the open sky; who knew nothing and felt nothing of what I knew and felt at that moment. Yesterday I was like them and in another few days I would be like them again. But today I was a prisoner set free; and tomorrow I would be a lord and master, a commander of life and of death, of the stars and of the elements.

For Gervasutti, the more intense the action, the more complete the fulfilment, and so it was always climbs of extreme difficulty that he sought, and the challenge must ever be renewed, for 'the moments when the heart really overflows with happiness come when the sense of life is heightened by tension and struggle – the actual moments of conquest, or more often of defeat, and not the dead moments when victory has been achieved'.

The last words of the book are the kernel of Gervasutti's philosophy: 'Dare all, and you will be kin to the gods'. It is not a creed for everyone, not even for all mountaineers. But it produced in Gervasutti a prince among climbers, and one of the great books of Alpine literature.

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Gramophone Records

WITH Christmas approaching, the gramophone companies have been letting loose their usual seasonal flood of opera recordings. Oiseau-Lyre's three-disc *The Fairy Queen* is a singularly enjoyable issue. Anthony Lewis's conducting gains in vigour and pungency as the performance proceeds and is particularly successful in bringing out the rhythmic and instrumental variety of this marvellous score. Jennifer Vyvyan and Elsie Morison somewhat detract from their accomplished singing by poor enunciation and a tendency to peck and mince at high notes in ever so cultivated a fashion. Only Pears, who is as usual a stylistic model, combines expression with unfailing precision and firmness. I also found some of the string tone a bit ungenerous, but in the main this is a most convincing performance and it is excellently recorded. I cannot, I fear, be so enthusiastic about the Record Society's disc containing incidental music and songs from another Purcell stage work, *The Indian Queen*. Apart from poor balance between chorus and orchestra, the recording is good and the disc is issued in an unusually attractive and stout sleeve. But Anthony Bernard's tempi are often slow and unconvincing and his rhythms are flaccid. Patricia Clark sings admirably and Duncan Robertson with competence, but the remainder of the cast is dim.

Beecham's *Entführung* on Columbia (2) is a thing of extremes. I have neyer heard the comic parts better done, at once as gay and robust as they are here, and Frick, Hollweg and Gerhard Unger are all splendid as Osmin, Blondchen and Pedrillo. In the more emotional music of Constanze and Belmonte, however, Beecham's tempi are often excessively slow, although he as usual uncovers a wealth of ravishing detail. But his Constanze, Lois Marshall, is quite simply inadequate and even Simoneau is a bit below his usual form. Apart from occasional rough passages the recording is excellent. The Glyndebourne *Idomeneo* on HMV (3) is a much more even affair although it lacks the Beecham magic. Richard Lewis sings with remarkable artistry and beauty of tone, McAlpine is a stylish High Priest, and Simoneau and Jurinac are both good, although the latter sometimes develops an uncharacteristically reedy quality of tone. Pritchard has surely never conducted with so much lyricism and warmth and my only criticism is of an occasional lack of size and stature. A beautifully realised continuo and a fine recording contribute to making this a most finished and satisfying set. Some distinguished conducting by Fricsay and accomplished singing from Streich and Staden fail to redeem DGG's (2) *Orpheus und Eurydike*. The fact that it is sung in German is a black mark indeed, and while Fischer-Dieskau naturally achieves moments of remarkable dramatic force, his whole style suggests Amfortas rather than Orpheus. I hope it is not mere force of custom that makes me feel so strongly that a baritone disturbs the whole emotional balance of Gluck's music. The recording is thick and over-resonant.

Decca (2) has lured Flagstad from retirement to record Act 3 of *Die Walküre* and the *Todesverkündigung* from Act 2. These are wonderful records. The Vienna Philharmonic is in tremendous form under Solti and the quality of sound is rich, brilliant and lucid. Apart from some rather tight top notes Flagstad at 60 sounds as superb as ever, but she gets pedestrian support from Edelmann's stodgy Wotan and Svanholm is no more than an efficient Siegmund. In spite of one or two questionable tempi, Solti's conducting is most exciting. Wagnerian off-springs recently recorded include Cornelius's *Barbier von Bagdad* and Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*. I must confess that in the past I have found the former's charm very mild and marginal. But I am quite won over by a Columbia (2) recording of a gentle and affectionate performance conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, which exactly catches the opera's blend of humour, sentiment and satisfying craftsmanship. Schwarzkopf, Gedda, Oskar Czerwenka, Grace Hoffmann and that fine young baritone, Hermann Prey, lead a remarkably good cast. The clear recording has a suitably intimate quality. Fritz Lehmann's conducting and a plummy DGG (2) recording make the purely orchestral parts of *Hänsel und Gretel* sound dull. But Lehmann accompanies well and the performance is straightforward and blessedly unwhimsical. Rita Streich sings with exemplary ease and accuracy and that splendid veteran, Res Fischer, is as fruity and musical a witch as you could wish for.

Italian Cetra discs are now imported into this country and available at a rather high price. Two examples have been sent to me. Flotow's *Martha*

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BASIL BLACKWELL

goes very nicely in Italian and is well sung by a cast headed by Tagliavini and Rizzieri. The two-disc recording may not be hi-fi but reproduces agreeably. The Certa (2) *Elektra* is very lo-fi indeed. Balance is quite atrocious. But it is the only version of the opera available, and inadequate, and indeed inaudible, though much of the singing may be, Mitropoulos conducts what is clearly a tremendous orchestral performance. While on the subject of Strauss it is worth noting that Philips have now issued a small EP version of Welitsch's wonderful singing of the closing scene from *Salome*. In due course this will surely become a disc of historic interest.

A group of Scala recordings issued by Columbia is headed by *La Sonnambula* (2½), done by a cast that is virtually the same as at this year's Edinburgh Festival. The singing throughout is on a very high level, while the good orchestral playing under Votto should confound those who fancy that Bellini's accompaniments are dull and perfunctory. Best of all, Callas is in infinitely finer form than in Scotland. Of course there are the usual sour, pinched noises that one has come to expect. But in Bellini her singing comes as an illumination, for no one can today approach the poetry of her phrasing and *fioriture*. But if she is here unique, in Verdi it is much harder to weigh her virtues against her defects. For one thing the force of the music and the vehemence of the drama oblige her to push her voice more, with a further decline in tonal quality. In a role such as Amelia in *Un Ballo in Maschera* (3) she produces a few memorable moments, but some people will certainly not feel that these fully atone for the downright ugly noises she makes elsewhere. Indeed most of the members of a starry cast are here below their best. Di Stefano sounds rather strained at dramatic moments and Gobbi's upper register is thin and tight. Much the best singing comes from Eugenia Ratti as the Page. Votto's deliberate conducting is above average and the recording is spacious.

Finally from the Scala comes a *Trovatore* (2½) conducted by Karajan. This is orchestrally a magnificently vigorous affair that reveals a wealth of fascinating detail. And even where Karajan's tempi at first surprise, they turn out to be remarkably faithful to the metronome markings. Vocally its superiority to the Decca set issued last year is more open to question. Callas phrases superbly and brings off some memorable singing, but di Stefano again spoils his performance by aiming at a more robust style than he is vocally equipped for. If you want loud, robust singing, then Tebaldi and del Monaco on Decca, which also has the more stylish Azucena, should be your choice. But Panerai's Luna, Zaccaria's Ferrando, as well as an extremely good recording that is half a side shorter than its competitor, are all points in favour of Columbia, and for me Karajan's conducting settles the matter. HMV have issued Glyndebourne's enchanting performance of Rossini's *Comte Ory* (2). Ensemble and recording are first-class, and Gui gets a performance full of style and precision. Oncina sings nicely but the soloists are otherwise decent rather than memorable, and some of the French vowel sounds are decidedly reminiscent of the Lower Fourth.

The new Philips (3) recording of a performance of *The Bartered Bride* by the Slovenian Opera of Ljubljana would pass muster as an acceptable if rather lumbering affair, were it not for the fact that Supraphon (3) have now reissued their version, which won golden opinions when it was available some years back. A shallow and constricted recording shows its age, but the performance leaves its competitor standing. It is not merely that the cast and orchestra of the Prague National Opera are generally superior, but that the whole thing has an air of authenticity. Rhythms and tempi are much more persuasive, and the handling of recitative much more meaningful even if you don't understand a word of Czech.

The Supraphon recording of *Rusalka* is quite unnecessarily strung out over four discs. The opera is a slow-moving affair but it has long patches of exquisite lyricism, often with stronger Wagnerian harmonic hues than one might expect from Dvorak's orchestral music. The Rusalka, Lída Cervinková, is a rather squally singer, but that exceptionally fine tenor, Benno Blachut, is in splendid form. The Prague National Theatre Orchestra play with zest under Jaroslav Krombholc and the recording, if a bit rough, is serviceable. The Ljubljana Opera give a performance of Moussorgsky's *Sorochinsky Fair* that is energetic and whole-hearted rather than polished. I must confess that for most of the time I felt like a Ukrainian trying to enjoy *Hugh the Drover*. But in between the endless scenes of knockabout comedy there are passages of original lyricism. The recording is extremely comfortable.

The recording companies, who between them have not yet managed to give us *Wozzeck*, seem to have developed a sudden passion for Carl Orff. *Die Kluge*, which is available on Columbia (2) contains a few not unattractive ideas, but as usual they are repeated *ad nauseam*, and there is a great deal of really rather tedious dialogue. The performance conducted by Sawallisch, the recording and an excellent cast headed by Schwarzkopf are all as good as could be. I only wish that this talent had been put to a worthier end. The same firm has issued the *Carmina Burana*, again conducted by Sawallisch. Although he is superior to Jochum on DGG in orchestral detail and rhythmic precision, has a better soprano in Agnes Giebel and a more brilliant recording, his baritone is poor and the performance as a whole lacks the beefy, Bavarian quality of Jochum's reading. But Jochum is inconveniently stretched over two ten-inch discs. The successors to *Carmina Burana*, *Catulli Carmina* and *Trionfi di Afrodite*, are both available on a DGG disc apiece. Jochum secures lively and authentic performances, but the recordings do not reproduce very easily and there is some distortion around the voices. Finally, there are long scenes from *Antigonae* on a Philips disc. Uhde and Goltz both sing well and Hollreiser controls the percussion band firmly. But a copy of the Hölderlin text is essential for enjoyment of this music. These discs will doubtless please Orff's many admirers, for he does at least work a rather limited idiom with consistency and assurance. But lest anyone suppose that there is real originality here, I recommend a hearing of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*.

* * *

Numerals after the name of a recording company or the title of an opera indicate the number of discs in the set in question.

PETER HEYWORTH

Messrs. Ward Lock announce a £250 Romantic Novel Contest (closing date: 31/8/58): the object is to encourage new writers, and 'romantic' may be widely interpreted. Particulars from the Fiction Editor, 143 Piccadilly, W.1.

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'Gruesomes' have recently been reported as more and more popular in the United States. The classic example cited is: 'Yes, Mrs Lincoln, but apart from that, how did you like the play?' Competitors are invited to add three more to the growing number.

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JOHN CALDER

ferous, even if they hadn't all caught the accent—not the right blend of sugar and hemlock on every breath. Some of the prey—Lot, Salome, Oedipus, Calpurnia, Nero, Lizzie Borden, Carlyle, Clarence, Marat, Van Gogh—were amazingly popular; others had been dragged out of very cobwebby closets. A selection is quoted below. First prize of three guineas to B. Mount; and half a guinea for each asterisked entry quoted.

Life goes at such a rush, doesn't it, Mrs Hussisson?
Didn't you just revel in Carson's quaint Irish brogue, Mr Wilde?
In happier circumstances don't you think you might have fallen for him, Lucrece?

B. MOUNT

*Mind my toga, Brutus; you splashed.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

*Salome, dear, *not* in the fridge.

MARION HILL

A pity, in fact, Mr Lot, that you have rather a sweet tooth.

D. R. PEDDY

*It proves one thing, Mr Christie—you're no paper-hanger.

DANNY BOY

Don't forget to clean the bath afterwards, M. Marat.
How would you like your steak, Joan?

C. A. T.

*Bottoms up, Clarence!

MARGARET MYLCHREEST

*Few things more cheering than a blazing fire, is, Mr Carlyle?

COLIN MURRY

*I expect you like your elevenses early, Mr Pierrepoint.

RHODA TUCK POOK

*(Direct reporting from a Benedictine monastery): I think it's quite disgraceful that, in an abbey dedicated to St Lawrence, not one of the brothers in the kitchen should be capable of grilling a sausage.

APPLE TREE

Would you like your egg poached or boiled, Leda?

SEUMAS STEWART

Yes, Dr Crippen, I can imagine how cut up your wife was when you left.

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I always think it's nicest to have a white wedding, don't you, Jocasta?

AUSTIN BAKER

But did he play any of your *favourites*, Poppeia?

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(To Empedocles's wife): But think of the cost of cremation in the ordinary way, my dear.

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Another record year's earnings was reported by Sir Ivan Stedeford, KBE, Chairman of Tube Investments Ltd., in his annual statement circulated with the accounts to stockholders on 14 November.

Sir Ivan said that the trading surplus before tax had risen by over £640,000 to £11,974,000, despite the addition of £393,000 to the provision for depreciation, which now, at £3,676,000, was nearly one-quarter of gross income. Profit figures included a full year's earnings of companies acquired during the preceding year. Allowing for this and other factors, profits would fall short of last year's by some £300,000—a reflection of rising costs and diminishing margins.

Reviewing the results of TI's capital investment over the last ten years, he said that the number of employees had risen from 28,000 to 40,000, capital equipment at the command of each increasing by more than half; factory floor space had increased by 2½ times to over 13,000,000 sq. ft.; output (in volume) per man had gone up by around 50 per cent. Ten years ago there were 36 home-operating companies, and two overseas associates. To-day, there were 50 home-operating companies and 16 overseas associates and subsidiaries. Net assets had increased by £50 million to about £80 million.

The results of the aluminium companies were better than expected in a period of rising costs and a world surplus of metal, but they did not reach the previous year's level. A new company, Reynolds TI Aluminium Ltd., had been formed with the £200 million Reynolds Metals Group of America, and had taken over TI's aluminium fabricating businesses, for which TI had been allotted £4½ million 5½ per cent redeemable notes. Both groups would be responsible for its development.

It had not been a good year for the bicycle industry as a whole, the Cycle Division suffering its share of reduced demand and a substantial fall in profits. The Division had recently enjoyed a welcome foretaste of the benefits from the new integrated factory at Handsworth, and there was at present a healthy order book, which was keeping the companies working at full pressure.

The Electrical Division's progress continued well. The Simplex Electric Company showed a further substantial increase in sales, those of Creda cookers going up 40 per cent to lead the field by a handsome margin. The Steel Tube Division started the year in the doldrums, but the wind got up in time, and the Division was able to race home in full sail to finish not far behind its record run of last year. Some 14 TI companies were producing precision components for the atomic energy industry.

Output was good, development plans proceeded well, and earnings were all that was expected in the Iron & Steel Division. Steel capacity would be close to 900,000 ingot tons annually when two new electric furnaces come into operation next year. Just under 100,000 tons of carbon steel, worth nearly £4 million, were supplied to the Steel Tube Division. Companies in the Engineering and General Divisions made further progress, the strength of demand for capital equipment justifying a number of extensions. Old Park Engineering Ltd. had been formed to concentrate TI's expanding business in welded fabrications.

If the results of one or two companies abroad were disappointing, for the rest it was a satisfactory year. The new works of Tube Products of India Ltd. were opened in June. TI's direct exports were down, due to reduced cycle sales, but new records were made by four Divisions.

If there were a general curtailment of industrial activity, said Sir Ivan, it would obviously affect TI's operations. Present indications were that these, in any case, would not be quite on the same scale as in the year just ended.

or travellers' cheques and sell them abroad for dollars in the black market. He can grab every passport in sight and draw a dozen tourist's allowances in dollars. But how else can he export his capital? The man who sees dollar stocks quoted on the stock exchange like any other stock and buys them like any other stock through his broker is a little aggrieved to be told that he and his like are speculating against the pound.

If everybody was allowed to buy dollar stocks in New York, of course, there would be nothing to prevent a panic flight of capital in times of crisis. Dealing in dollar securities is permitted by the exchange control authorities on the assumption that the supply of securities is more or less fixed: you can buy dollar securities, but only from some other resident in the sterling area. Jones can buy Westcoast Transmission through the Stock Exchange, but the security dollars in which the transaction is ultimately settled are available only because Brown is at the same time selling his General Motors. It is because the supply is fixed that dollar stocks are usually quoted in London at a higher price than the New York equivalent, the size of this premium varying with the demand for dollar stocks. If devaluation is in the air, the premium rises.

It should rise sharply in theory. In fact, the assumption that the supply of dollar stocks is fixed has been false for some time. Certain countries in the sterling area—Kuwait and Hong Kong are notorious examples—have lax ideas about exchange control. In these places a sterling area resident can exchange pounds for dollars at whatever the going black market rate happens to be. A finance house, British, Swiss or American, can set up its business there and sell resident sterling for dollars. It can use the dollars to buy dollar securities in New York and sell the securities in London.

This leak has existed for some time. When fears about the pound combined with the boom in Canadians to drive up the demand of British citizens for dollar stocks, the leak increased enormously. It is estimated that purchases of dollar stocks by British residents rose from $95m in 1956 to an annual rate of more than $400m in the first half of 1957. A number of individual investment decisions, entirely proper and justifiable, added up to a flight from the pound which caused a heavy drain on the reserve. If sterling had not already been subjected to this enormous strain, it is unlikely that the effects of the August/September assault would have been so damaging.

The Kuwait gap was closed, in a half-hearted sort of fashion, at the beginning of July. But the dismantling of exchange controls has now been carried so far that other gaps are almost certain to reappear when the desire to be out of sterling becomes sufficiently strong. It would be rash to suppose that the exchange control authorities will close them before it is too late. The extraordinary thing about the Kuwait gap is that it remained open for so long. Jones and Brown may not have known what was going on (they merely congratulated themselves on the fact that the dollar premium was so surprisingly modest), but the facts were well known in the City and their effects plain to the Bank of England. Dollar securities held by British residents have to be deposited with a bank or stockbroker and registered with the Bank: the Bank was able to watch the leak day by day. Why did it not take action earlier? The main reason was, as Dr Balogh put it, its 'perpetual desire to permit virtual convertibility of sterling even for capital exports'. The Bank still likes to think of London as the financial centre of the world. It is an expensive day-dream.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 419. Drawing From Life

Just as a story-teller may draw some of his material (or at least some basic idea) from actual events, just so a study-composer may find some inspiration in an actual endgame position in which he or others happened to be involved. That has happened quite frequently and from time to time it has been mentioned in this column. Yet another case in point has been reported in *Deutsche Schachzeitung* by one of the veteran composers, Friedrich Bethge. Here is a position which (playing Black) he had to cope with just about thirty years ago. /8/1P6/8/Kt4k2/6p1/8/3r1P2/1K6/. It looked pretty grim, but Bethge managed to force a draw by (1) . . . R-Q8 ch; (2) K-B2, R-Q1; (3) Kt-B6, R-KB1! (4) Kt-K7 ch, K-Kt4!; (5) Kt-B8, R x P ch; (6) K-B1 (3); and what with White being forced to keep the R off the QKt-file Black could secure the draw by perpetual.

For a composer this was ready-made material for a study, and Bethge promptly composed it. He added a few subtleties, but the basic idea was provided by that game position; and since, with so helpful a hint this would be too easy for the competition, I might as well print the solution at once. (1) R-Q8 ch, K-R2!; (2) R-Q7 ch, K-Kt3!; (3) R-Q6 ch, K-B4; (4) R-Q1!, Kt-B6; (5) R-KB1!, P-R5; (6) K x P P-R6; (7) K-Kt4, P-R7; (8) K-R3!, Kt-K7!; (9) K x P, Kt-B8; (10) R-B5 ch and draws by perpetual.

Some more raw-material for a study (though not yet thus employed, so far as I know), was provided by a skittle won by Georg Kieninger (White). The position was reported in *Schach-Echo* by Paul Schlensker. /4K1k1/4P3/4P3/24/3r2p1/6R1/. What actually happened was (1) R x P ch!, R x R; (2) K-Q7, R-Q7 ch; (3) K-B6, R-B7 ch; (4) K-Q6! [so as to counter . . . R-B1 by (5) K-Q7] R-Q7 ch; (5) K-K5, R-K7 ch; (6) K-B5, R-B7 ch ; (7) K-Kt4??, R-Kt7 ch ??; (8) K-B3 and won, but not very deservedly, since Black failed to exploit White's blunder. By (7) . . . R-B1! Black could have secured the draw; but by (7) K-Kt5! White could have forced the win legitimately, on account of . . . R-B1; (8) P x R (Q) ch, K x Q; (9) K-B6 etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White felt perfectly safe. How (with Black to play) was he forced to resign in 2 moves? **B** (6 ladder-points) is a win. **C** (for 7) a draw. Its author, a famous Czech composer died recently at the age of 80. Usual prizes. Entries by 2 December.

A: Klaingutti 1957

B: S. P. Kruchkov 1926

C: F. Dedrle 1933

REPORT on No. 416. Set 2 November

A: (1) P-R5, K-Kt4; (2) B x P, K-B5; (3) B-B6, K-K6; (4) B-K5, K-B7; B-Q4 mate.

B: (1) B-B7! [any other move being defeated by . . . B-Kt3!], B-B7; (2) P-R4, B-Q8; (3) B-Kt6!, B-K7; (4) B-B5!, B-R4; (5) K-B4! K-R7(B7); (6) K-Kt5, B-K1(B2); (7) B-Kt6, followed by P-R5, etc.

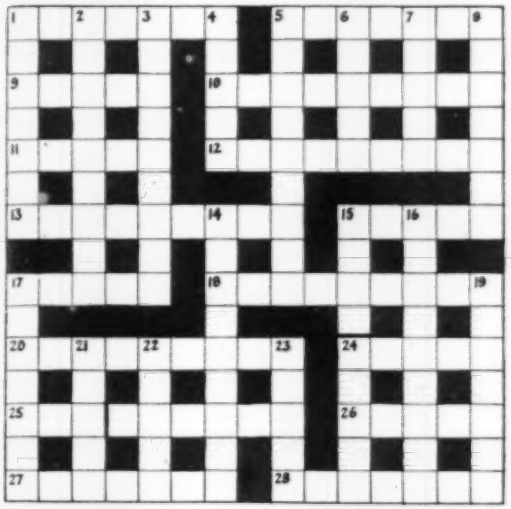
C: (1) P-B7! (P-Kt7?), K-B8; (2) K-R2! (P = Q?) Kt-B7!; (3) K-Kt3! Kt-K5ch; (4) K-B4! Kt-B4!; (5) P-Kt7! Kt-Q2!; (6) Kt P = Q!, Kt x Q; (7) P = Q etc.

Not too easy a lot, but quite a few got it wholly or nearly right. Prizes: A. J. Bamford, E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, J. M. Reid, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 278

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 278, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 3 Dec.



ACROSS

1. Potentially bad sign for the belly (7).
5. '——and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes' (*Much Ado*) (7).
9. Man's name for a distance (5).
10. Is honourable in grim disgrace (9).
11. Dance with a strange bachelor (5).
12. The high ground produces a harvest before the grainstorer is returned (9).
13. Tardy recovery on one side (9).
15. Henry and mother have a game (5).
17. Files in which poisoners are found if they are beheaded (5).
18. The incidental illustration is returned with pleasure (9).
20. The lady in the dance is showing off (9).
24. If red this twig is dried up (5).
25. Artist's model with unprofessional physical shape (9).
26. The soldiers return a little bit before work (5).
27. The unadulterated incorporated in the dry (7).
28. A logical technique discovers gold in certain places (7).

DOWN

1. Killed 'pour encourager les autres' (7).
2. Do the liberals love children or mountains? (9).
3. Bloodshed when the land comes under the people (9).
4. Woman's name which is the reverse of a saint's (5).
5. Ruined the southern city of antiquity indeed (9).
6. Vessel for rising waters (5).
7. Everyone comes round to the island (5).
8. The maid comes in and dinner is saved for her (7).
14. Deal suits shuffled to make up for weakness (9).
15. Deal worth being shuffled in order to pass muster (4, 5).
16. Ecclesiastic who reveals a measure of illumination? (9).
17. Lotteries for a burglar (7).
19. The second page is for the dramatist (7).
21. Branch of languages in which Mary Anne is proficient (5).
22. Rumour that nothing exists in the north-east (5).
23. Parts of mountainous country where any number may be found with broken legs (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 276

P	E	R	C	H	E	R	O	N	■	B	A	S	I	C
R	■	E	■	E	A	■	O	■	E	■	L	■	H	■
O	F	F	E	R	E	D	■	M	A	S	C	A	R	A
O	■	R	■	O	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	N	■	R
F	L	A	T	I	R	O	N	■	T	U	N	D	R	A
■	■	I	■	N	■	T	■	R	■	G	■	E	■	C
D	I	N	E	■	D	I	S	I	N	H	E	R	I	T
I	■	■	■	B	■	M	■	N	■	T	■	■	■	E
S	T	O	N	E	H	E	N	G	E	■	S	C	A	R
P	■	U	■	W	■	S	■	L	■	F	■	H	■	■
A	L	T	A	I	R	■	R	E	A	L	T	O	R	S
R	■	L	■	L	■	S	■	A	■	A	■	L	■	U
A	B	A	D	D	O	N	■	D	A	G	G	E	R	S
T	■	S	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	R	■	I
E	A	T	E	R	■	P	A	R	E	N	T	A	G	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 276

J. Salmon (Carlisle), Mrs J. G. Harris (Quebec), Wm Hodgson (West Hartlepool)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE BRITISH CAST IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

will shortly require a
SENIOR ASSISTANT

(age about 20-25) in its technical library. GCE and library experience essential. LA Entrance Examination desirable. Hours 9 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Five-day week. Transport and canteen facilities. Opportunities for promotion. Commencing salary according to age and professional qualifications. For full particulars of this appointment, apply in writing to the Manager, Intelligence Department, BRITISH CAST IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, Bordesley Hall, Alvechurch, Birmingham.

PENGUIN BOOKS LTD.

are seeking a man for a new post of considerable scope and interest.

Under the general direction of the Sales Manager he will take responsibility for the organisation of home sales; therefore experience in publishing and knowledge of the bookselling trade would be an advantage.

The development of this new post will require keen intelligence, an ability to control administrative detail, and an imaginative approach to a wide range of problems.

Please write, in strict confidence, to P. B. Hepburn, Sales Manager, Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

SECRETARY

required for executive of large retail organisation with offices in the West End of London. Salary not less than £600 p.a. Modern offices and good staff amenities. Apply, giving details of education, age, previous experience and salary, to Box No. 169, 10 Hertford St, W1.

CAN YOU COOK?
DO YOU LIKE CHILDREN?

We want someone like you to run the Kitchen and share in the life of this school for Maladjusted children. Plenty of hard work with rich rewards for the right person, apart from the Whitley Council scales and six weeks' holiday. Resident job for single person. Apply Warden, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

LONDON County Council. Part-time Educational Psychologist required for eight sessions a week at Woodberry Down Child Guidance Unit, Woodberry Down Estate, N4. Duties include liaison work with schools. Qualifications required: Degree in Psychology, Clinical training and experience, together with teaching experience. Fee £2 6s. 6d. per session. Application by letter, stating age, qualifications and experience to the Education Officer (Estab. 2/K), The County Hall, SE1, by 5 December.

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In Biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, taxonomic entomology, palaeontology. The Royal Naval Scientific Service require a Scientific Officer (male) for the National Institute of Oceanography to work on oceanic Cephalopoda; and a vacancy for a Metallurgist (Scientific Officer) has arisen in the Royal Mint. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or be otherwise qualified by high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1957 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer Class). Salary (London), Senior Scientific Officers: Minimum £1,190 (women £1,098). Men's scale maximum £1,410. Scientific Officers: Minimum £635. Men's scale maximum £1,110. Women's pay above £635 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces, 5-day week, generally. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/57 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/57 for Scientific Officers. Interview boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Director of the Department of Social Work. Applicants should be persons of standing in one of the social sciences, and preferably in Sociology. Duties will include the teaching of Sociology to students proceeding to the Diploma of Social Work, research in the field of Sociology as related to social work and supervision of the academic parts of the diploma course. The position carries with it membership of the Faculty of Arts. The Department has a Senior Lecturer as supervisor of professional training who will assist the Director in the general administration of the Department and who will be in immediate control of the professional aspects of the course both within the University and in the community. The salary of the Director will be £A2,350 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Finance may be available for home purchase in approved cases to married male appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 21 December 1957.

NATIONAL Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Rd, NW1. Radiographer, MSR male or female, required for well-equipped department in Central London. Apply to Hospital Secretary.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Research School of Pacific Studies. Applications are invited for a Readership in Social Geography. The post is intended to complement the work of the present Reader in Geomorphology. The salary range for Readers is £A2,450-£2,850. A Reader is appointed to the permanent staff; retiring age is 65, with the option of retiring after the age of 60. Study leave entitlement is one year on full pay plus contribution to travel and other expenses in every six years. Superannuation on the Federated Superannuation System for Universities pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 15 January 1958.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England. Lecturer in Psychology. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above positions. The Lecturers appointed will be required to participate in the preparation and supervision of courses for external students proceeding to the BA degree. They will, in addition, take part in the internal lecturing and tutorial programme of the departments and will be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A80. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicants will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 13 December 1957.

ST. James Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disease, Portsmouth. (Group 49 South-West Metropolitan Region). Applications are invited for two posts of Psychiatric Social Worker vacant at this hospital. One of the appointments would be primarily for work in the Department of Child Psychiatry. This department has children referred from a large area and deals with a wide variety of problems. The out-patient clinic sessions are organised on orthodox Child Guidance team lines and there is a special in-patient unit for emotionally disturbed children, at which regular staff meetings are held. Good opportunities exist for varied work with parents, supervised case-work and research. Candidates, who should possess the Mental Health Certificate, may visit the hospital by arrangement with the Physician Superintendent, to whom applications, giving full details, and the names of two referees, should be sent.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the University Settlement invite applications from women for the appointment of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Education and Play Centre Organiser. Salary per annum within the following ranges: Lecturer, £900-£1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700-£850; initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 14 December 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

AUSTRALIA—University of Tasmania. Lecturer in Economics. Lecturer in Education. Lecturer in Political Science. The University invites applications for the above positions. The salary scale for Lecturer Grade II is £A1,250-£A1,400, and for Lecturer Grade I £A1,400-£A1,750, with annual increments of £50 in both cases. Appointment will be offered at a commencing salary within either grade commensurate with the qualifications and experience of the person to whom an offer is made. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London is 31 December 1957.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspector of Physical Education (woman), to take up duties in April, 1958, required to advise upon, organise and inspect physical education in various types of educational establishments. Salary £962 10s.-£1,482 10s. Appointments may be made above minimum. Application forms, returnable by 29 Nov., with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/R), County Hall, London, SE1.

EXPANDING West End Travel Agency invites applications for Senior Travel Clerks with specialised knowledge of Spain and Italy. Knowledge of Spanish or Italian desirable. Hard but stimulating work. Good conditions and free holidays offered. Apply in handwriting stating full details of previous experience and educational background and salary required to Personnel Manager, Apal Travel and See Spain Limited, 78 New Oxford Street, London, W1.

TRAVEL Agency representative with personality and good connections among provincial travel agents and large business houses in London area, also experienced couriers with specialised knowledge of Spain and Italy required by West End travel agency. Applications in handwriting stating full details of previous experience, education and salary required to Box 6611.

TRANSLATOR/Interpreter required urgently City Engineering Office. Competence in French and one other European language essential. Preferably able to type. Shorthand an advantage. Good salary. 5-day week. Pension Fund. Free Luncheons. Write details age, education and experience (E.A.M./55), Balfour, Beatty & Company, Ltd, 66 Queen Street, EC4.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd. Education Department. Applications are invited for appointment as Sectional Education Officer in the Northern Section, with headquarters in Newcastle upon Tyne. The Sectional Education Officer will be required to represent the Education Department in the Section and to be responsible for development of Co-operative Education, including the Co-operative Youth Movement and Adult and Technical Education. Salary in the scale £667 × £26 5s. 0d. to £825; commencing salary fixed according to qualifications and experience. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned not later than 27 November 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESIDENT qualified teacher reqd. (male) for small residential School for Junior maladjusted boys, Peebles. Protestant religion. Salary Teviot Scale. Cottage available for married man. Please apply, stating qualifications and previous experience, to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 5 Alva Street, Edinburgh 2.

MAYFLOWER Grammar School, Ikenne, Nigeria. Wanted Male science graduate, married or single teach chem. and biol., from Jan. 1958. Sal. £600 × £25. Free passage, free accom. Mayflower is non-sectarian, independent. Opportunity abundant for adventure and initiative. Apply Principal, Mayflower, Ikenne, Via Shagamu, Nigeria.

WANTED for January, housemistress interested in town and country pursuits. Some previous work with children essentl. Teaching or matron exp. an asset. Box 6141.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Organisers, Children's Care work. Social Workers, experienced in practical social work, required in School Health Service of Public Health Department. Duties include recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social Science qualifications desirable. Salary scale £592 10s. (at age 24) to £792 10s. Application forms returnable by 4 December, and details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/2133), County Hall, SE1.

CHERRY Knowle Hospital, Ryhope, Nr. Sunderland. Clinical Psychologist, full-time, required at the above Mental Hospital. The post is a new one and the applicant must be qualified in terms of academic qualifications and experience to fill an independent post in the National Health Service. Opportunities for research will be available. Salary within the range of £700-£975, according to age. Applications, giving names of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary at the above address by 14 December 1957.

ROYAL Free Hospital Group. Psychiatric Social Worker required to work at Hampstead General Hospital for a maximum of 28 hours a week. Mental Health Certificate essential. The work consists of assistance at two adult Out-Patients' sessions a week including Group Therapy, and assisting the patients in the general medical wards with their social problems. Salary according to the National scales. Applications to be sent to the Secretary, Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Rd, as soon as possible.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker or Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma or the Certificate in Applied Social Studies. The work will be in the psychiatric department of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and the parents of disturbed children. Enquiries to Mrs. Templer, CUN. 5172. Applications to the Secretary, The National Hospitals for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square, London, WC1.

NETHERNE Psychiatric Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Assistant Head Occupational Therapist I (Female). Salary and conditions of service in accordance with PTA Whitley Council recommendations. Applications, stating present and previous appointments, experience and details of qualifications, together with the names of two referees, to the Physician Superintendent.

MID-HERTS Group Hospital Management Committee Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker required 1 January, 1958 for the above Service. Considerable scope and responsibility offered. Car driver. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applics. to Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End, St. Albans, Herts.

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for 'problem families', developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers. Exacting but rewarding work, affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social Science training and previous experience of social work desirable. Resident and non-resident posts, for men and women. Non-resident salary scale £525/25/700, children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope and interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N1.

SILVERLANDS, Chertsey, Surrey. Full time relief Housemother required at once at Children's Home. Salary £234 p.a. with free residential emoluments. Good holidays. Superannuation scheme. Experience in child care work an advantage. Full details of education and experience with names and addresses of two referees to General Secretary, Actors' Orphanage Fund, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

HOME for Blind, Westgate, Kent, accommodating 67 residents, requires competent Housekeeper. Commencing salary £280 p.a., with residential emoluments. Apply, stating age and experience, with copy references, to Homes Department, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Gt Portland St, London, W1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LINGUIST wanted as full-time tutor in Secretarial and Language Training College. Knowledge of foreign shorthands an advantage. Apply Box 6553.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Clinical Psychologist (or Probationer Grade) in the Fountain Hospital Group (800 beds). The work includes the examination of mentally and physically handicapped children and the rehabilitation of retarded women. Opportunities for team and individual research. Salary £700 (at age 25) to £975 plus London Weighting and Whitley Council conditions. Applications, with details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees, should be sent by 6 Dec. to the Group Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

CHILD Care Officer (Woman) Part-time required Essex area, holding Social Science or HO Certificate Child Care. Able to drive car. Travelling expenses and subs. allowances. Salary within new APT Grade I according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing within 10 days of this notice, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copy testimonials and names of two referees to the Children's Officer, 40 Brunswick Sq., WC1.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. An assistant matron required January for boarding house of boys and girls aged 12 to 13; working with others under House Mother. Salary according to age and experience. Opportunity to join in life of co-educational boarding school situated on edge of Garden City, easy reach London and Cambridge. Apply Mrs. King Harris.

GOODMAYES Hospital, Ilford, Essex. (10 miles from Charing Cross). Warden for Nurses' Home of 80 residents required. A person interested in sporting and social activities preferred. Salary £503 × £16(3) × £17(1) = £568 less £174 per annum for self-contained flat.

AN Assistant (woman) is required at University House, Victoria Park Square, London, E2, to lead youth club girls. Preference will be given to the applicant to whom it is congenial (and who is able) to supervise the small domestic side of the House, thus making a full-time resident post. Particulars from the Warden.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, Herts. Assistant Cook required January, working with others under dietician; cooking for 400 mid-day in modern kitchen. Opportunity to join in life of the school and to meet people of all nationalities. On edge of Garden City, easy reach London and Cambridge. Applications to the Caterer.

ACCOUNTANT required immediately, to take over accountancy, costings and financial control of rapidly expanding company. Progres. position, full/part-time. WC1. Write fully, stating age, exper. sal. reqd. Box 6395.

WANTED: competent person for grower's office, Evesham area, as secretary-book-keeper-wages clerk; costing, preparation of accounts, trial balances. Apply own handwriting, state salary required. Box 6580.

TEMPORARY Staff. Vacancies will be available for women to act as saleswomen and packers during our Winter Sales. Certain vacancies for cashiers and Stockroom Clerks available before Christmas. Training given. Apply now to Miss Evans, C & A Modes, Limited, North Row, Marble Arch, W1. Telephone Mayfair 7272.

PERSONAL Secretary to a Liberal Jewish Minister reqd. 5-day week. Good speeds shorthand and typing. Apply General Sec., 28 St John's Wood Rd, NW8. CUN 5181.

EDUCATION Secretary (part-time) reqd. for London Marriage Guidance Council. Duties to include organising conferences and courses for wide range of interests and age-groups on matters relating to marriage and the family. Preference given to married candidates with experience of further education and related fields. Salary not exceeding £350 p.a. Application forms from Secretary, L.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, London, W1.

INTERESTING post vacant as secretary to General Secretary of a professional Trade Union. Shorthand, typing, secretarial experience essential; experience of committees and knowledge of Trade Union movement desirable. 35-hour, 5-day week, but some weekend and evening work. Pension scheme. Salary £12 12s. Applications to General Secretary, Association of Scientific Workers, 15 Half Moon Street, W1.

SECRETARY/Assistant for new social and commercial research organisation. Fascinating job and possibility of career. Write, stating experience, to Box 6654.

SECRETARY. Professional man, faced with imminent departure present capable secretary, seeks early replacement before chaos intervenes. (London WC.) Box 6528.

SECRETARY/shorthand typist with initiative for research project concerning local authorities and New Towns. Office near Victoria. Salary £9-£10 per week. Box 6613.

MOTHER with daughter one year offers furnished bed-sitting room or possibly two rooms and kitchenette with very small salary in return for lightest of duties, baby-sitting, etc. Dog lover essential, car driver an advantage. Barnes, SW13. Box 6477

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FIRST-CLASS secretary required immediately, adaptable and energetic, for interesting and varied literary work, including accounts. WC1 district. Progressive position. No Saturdays. Occasional evenings instead of mornings. Write fully stating age, experience and salary required. Box 6394.

PART-time assistant rqd. for small London Gallery & Publisher. Box 6666.

WIGMORE Agency. Personal assistants, Secretaries, Medical and Dental Secretaries, shorthand-typing and office staff. 67 Wigmore Street, W1. HUN. 9951.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OXFORD Graduate, fluent French/German/Swedish, leg. & bus. exper., seeks post connected with Sweden or France. All suggs./introductions warmly welcd. Box 6544.

EDUCATED mother (40) with well-behaved daughters (10 & 8½) seeks responsible post caretaker, housekeeper, where unfurnished/part-furnished accommodation & salary offered. Interview London. Box 6546.

UNIVERSITY Graduate, aged 56, with honours in English and French language and literature, wants job. Advertiser, now working as labourer in London factory, has encyclopaedic knowledge of literature, with appreciation of music and drama. Suggestions welcomed. Box 6521.

AMERICAN univ. grad. (m. 22) desires one year post in E. Africa after New Year. Relation to journalism pref. Box 6524.

LADY (ex-BBC) requires interesting part-time post, London. Box 6489.

GERMAN/Engl. translations & shorthd. typ. exper. Sec. avail. p/time. Box 6495.

MABEL Eyles & Partners (Duplg., Translating, Reporting). Verbatim Shthnd. Writers: 'Round the Clock' Duplg., 395 Hornsey Rd, N19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Scholarships and entrance tests will be held on 1 and 2 April 1958. Awards ranging from £50 to £200 per annum available for both 11- and 13-year-old entry. The former suitable for boys from State primary schools. Applications before 28 February. Further details from Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

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CENTRALLY heated, comfortable single or double room in well-appointed house. With meals if required. 5 min. Woodside Park Station. Box 6567.

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TO let early Dec. Furn. large kit. diningroom, sitting-room, bedroom, gdn. Mod. dec. Bet. Highgate & Crouch End. £7 10s. p.w. 28 Avenue Rd., Highgate, N6.

DBLE. bed-sitt. room, Bechstein piano, gas cooker, 31s. 6d. each incl. electr., linen, baths. Vict./Wat. 20 min. VAN. 5196.

FLAT. 2 furn. double bed-sitting rooms, kitchen, bath, tel. GLA. 8254.

TWO practically empty rooms, SW5, full use of kitchen, 4½ gns. p.w., gas included. Must be thoroughly well bred and considerate man. Box 6487.

PROFESSIONAL woman to share modern flat half-hour Leicester Square, Piccadilly Line. Phone evenings ISLeworth 5542.

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HAMPSTEAD: Lge. rm. for young man in flat ½ min. tube, inc. lt., heat, use k., b., tel., no linen. £3. Box 6604.

OFF Finchley Road, comfortably furnished, spacious single room, h. & c. water. Buses outside. Prof. or bus. man. HAM 0720.

LARGE rm., lge. kit. Dom. service, garden. £11 month inclusive. Prof. people. Swiss Cottage district. Box 6633.

BRIGHT room with balcony suit lady, use kit./bathroom. 5 gns. inclus. WEL. 6348.

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UNFURNISHED or part-furnished flat, Hampstead, return limited services. Suit married couple or two friends. Box 6543.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/lit. ints. Large sgle. room. 55s. HAM. 8109.

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GREENWICH Park. Part large Georgian flat. Suit professional woman. Box 6457.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

CHEAPISH London rm. wtd. by bus. wm. whilst hopefully flat-hunting. Box 6667.

NEWLY married prof. cple. need quiet 2/3 rm. flat, fairly central. Box 6490.

£5 p.w. offered for flat, furn./unfurn., London. Box 6481.

NIGERIAN family (5) seek house/flat, furn./unfurn. (garden essential), for two years. Greater London. Box 6399.

SELF-contained furnished flat wanted Hampstead area, for prof. woman, after Xmas. 1-2 rms., kit., bathrm. Box 6585.

QUIET woman must leave Bloomsbury flat, wants furn. flat or B/S, with bath. Cent. or NW London pref. Box 6534.

CAMBRIDGE Univ. Lecturer (f.), on leave of absence, sks. small s/c. furn. flat in London; 4 mths. from about 1 Dec. Box 6418.

BACHELOR (34) Manchester Guardian type, seeks pleas. accom. as paying guest. London. Box 6602.

PROPERTIES TO LET

2 S/C. furn. flats—bus route. Tel. W. Norwood, SE27. 4½-5½ gns. Box 6547.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

COTTAGE for Sale: SW Ireland, glorious situation Bantry Bay. 1 double, 2 single beds., sit., kit., bath. Outhouses (1 converted to studio & study). Approx. 2 acres. £700 or nearest offer. Craigie-Lucas, Ballycoogue, Avoca, Co. Wicklow.

MOD. det. riverside hse. Broxbourne. ½ hr. City. 2 rec., 2 dble beds. Box 6587.

SMALL Chelsea freehold for sale. Sitting-rm., small study, 3 bedrms., kit.-dining-rm., small garage, yard. Elec.-oil cent. heating. Parquet floors throughout. Bathrm. & usual offices. £6,995 asked. Tel. KNI. 2251.

WANTED: within 4 mths. Frhld. Hse. or 2 flrs. for conversion into 2 s/c. flats. Garage or space. NW, N London. Box 6419.

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WINTER holidays? Yes, if you stay at Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), where you get excellent food, warmth & comfort.

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ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6824. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish.

OXFORD, Marlborough Secretarial College, 110a High St., Tel. Oxford 4349. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Foreign languages. Small classes, individual attention. New Group begins 7 Jan. Prospectus on application.

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SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

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DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

A.R.C.M. accepts piano pupils. Central London. Mod. fees. Musical adult beginners welcd. Georgina Newton. Box 6606.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing—Lechetizky Method—Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M., 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

PERSONAL

CHRISTMAS party—Beatrice Webb Ho. Dorking—24/29 December. 30s. a day; minimum charge £7 10s. Bookings from Manageress (£1 deposit). Tel. Abinger 404.

CHRISTMAS Peace Party, 22-29 Dec. at Friendship House, Bückeburg, Germany. Festivities, excursions, invitations to German homes, discussions. Asians & Africans especially welcome. Cost 5 guineas, plus reduced fares. Parties, from A. Brocklehurst, 77 Brent Way, Finchley, N3.

BRAZIERS Park Ipsden, Oxon: 13 Dec. weekend 'Art & Everyman' & 'The Raw Materials of Social Psychology.'

BRUSSELS. Wanted Christmas: Kind patient girl for backward boy 5 (autistic) help with other children 10, 9, 2. Elder children at school. Two servants. Interest in backward child most important. Mrs. Boothby, 69 Avenue Winston Churchill, Brussels.

FRENCH girl (Jewish) seeks 'au pair' post in family with children. Box 6653.

UNDOMESTICATED yng. woman, little French, wants to live/work Paris. Suggestions please. Box 6424.

REASONABLE rebels need cent. meeting place. V.G.M., 18 Makepeace Mans, N6.

COMF. home, Northants., offrd. exch. light hsehld. duties. Sml. sal. Box 6627.

ROUND the World on $80, India on $20. Honour staked in wager. Urgently need advice. Box 6400.

MENTALLY retarded, backward or invalid child offered home tuition by qualified teacher, Central London or within 30 mins. journey. Available January. Box 6533.

RELIEF housekeeping, children, etc. 1-2 days, town or country, by weekly visitor London, in return for fares. Box 6573.

£3-4,000 investment wanted with livable income. Or partnership. Box 6570.

WHO can type small essay in German from manuscript? PUTney 2192.

GERMAN taught by German lady. All stages. (Wk.-ends if desired.) GLA. 5364.

WOMAN writer undertakes literary and commercial research for journalists, advertisers, etc., at reas. costs. Box 6450.

ITALIAN lessons and conversation, given by Italian young lady. Mod. fees. Box 6480.

STRANGE experiences, unusual achievements, odd characters. Writer may pay for facts. D. West, 28 Flanders Rd, W4.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

WINTER in Tangier. From December, B. & B. in luxury flat. Write Moore, 31 Rue de Gibraltar, Tangier, Morocco.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at R.A. & Paris Salon, can take a few more students. Beginners welc. WIL 6025.

PERSONAL—continued

RIVIERA. Small unassuming Villa to let till March. Sleeps 5. Magnificent view overlooking Menton & Roquebrune in quiet secluded spot amidst eucalyptus & lemon groves and vine. Modest rental. Box 6588.

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GIVE Chinese gifts this year! Choose from the exciting range of rich brocades, delicate pottery and exquisite ornaments on show at the Chinese Boutique, Great Wall Restaurant, 33 Oxford St, W1. (A few steps from Tottenham Court Rd Tube).

THE Rookery, Old Headington, Oxford. Ruskin College Hostel, in beautiful setting on outskirts Oxford, with good food and accommodation, available for conferences and Summer Schools, 1958 and 1959. Apply: Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

EXPERIMENTS on Animals. For a constructive approach to the humanitarian problem inquire of UFAW (The Universities Federation for Animal Welfare), 7a Lamb's Conduit Passage, London, WC1.

PLAYWRIGHTS — newcomers urgently needed. Why not send us your work for advice? Film scripts also welcome. Talent encouraged, technique assisted. S. Guest Associates, 12 Hanover Street, W1.

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HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write Ethical Union, Box 6574.

VITAL Community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., WC2.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4635.

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FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St. SW3. KEN. 1586.

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

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YOU really ought to take a winter holiday especially after that 'flu . . . There are many bargains to choose from. Our Manager will be pleased to advise you, even Saturday afternoons or lunchtime, if you cannot come at other times. Please make an appointment without obligation. Hotac, Hotel Accommodation Service, 93 Baker St, W1. WEL. 2555.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR

What is your idea of a good Christmas? Ski-ing in Austria or Switzerland, a cheerful House Party of professional people in England, a gay time in Vienna or a sunshine Christmas in the South of France? Our Christmas arrangements offer you all this—at a price you can afford.

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BE barefoot but happy this Christmas: hang up both your stockings. One for Duff Gordon's El Cid Amontillado Sherry, the other for its companion dry fino, Fino Feria.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'THE Party Question: A Discussion With Ignazio Silone' and 'Political Shadow-Boxing' by F. A. Ridley, are two challenging articles in this week's 'Socialist Leader'. Copies (3d) may be obtained, on order, from any newsagent or from 48 Dundas St, Glasgow C1, and 6 Endsleigh St, London, WC1.

'MONTHLY Review'—an independent Socialist magazine. Edited in New York by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Special annual rate 25s. in sterling area. English rep., P. B. Price, 48 Balcombe St, Lond., NW1

GIVE 'Wild Life Observer' this Christmas—the illustrated natural history magazine, edited by Maurice Burton and enjoyed by young people everywhere. Write now for special 10s. Gift Subscription for one year with Pocket Folder and attractive Greeting Card to Dept N, Mary Glasgow & Baker Ltd, 7 Kensington Church Court, London, W8.

'RECORDED Folk Music.' Edit. by A. L. Lloyd, is a new Review of British and Foreign Folk Music Recordings. Jan./Feb. issue out early December. 1s. per copy (post 1s. 4d.). Annual Subscription 7s. from Collet's, 44 Museum St., WC1, or any Collet's shop.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £3 4s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S., 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Specimen copy on request.

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